

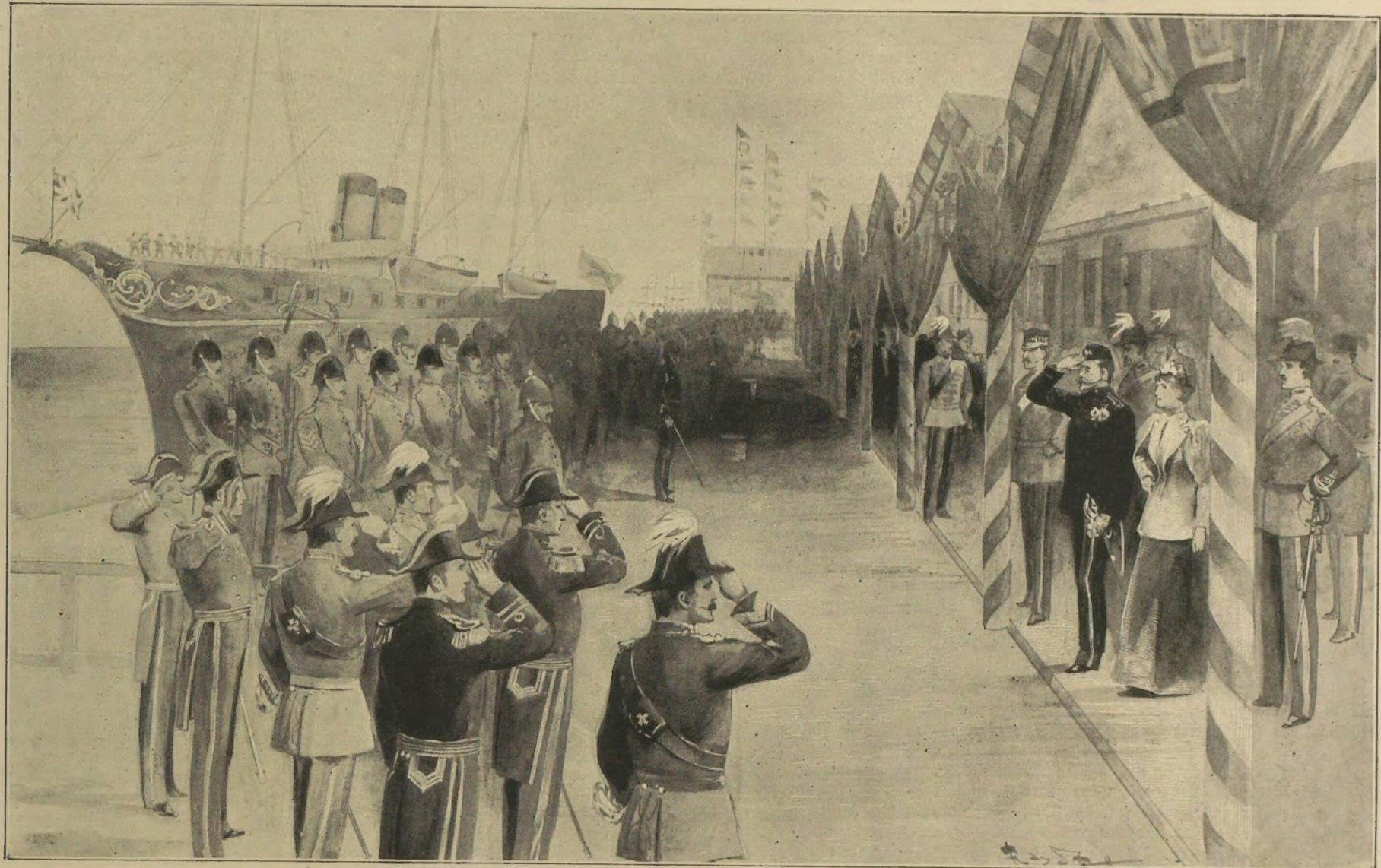
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2999.—VOL. CIX.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

THIRTY-SIX PAGES SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



THE CZAR'S TOUR: ARRIVAL OF THE IMPERIAL PARTY AT THE SOUTH RAILWAY JETTY, PORTSMOUTH.



THE CZAR'S TOUR.—SCENES AT CHERBOURG: M. FAURE PASSING ALONG THE QUAI ALEXANDRE III. TO MEET THE IMPERIAL VISITORS, AND ILLUMINATIONS AT THE BRITISH CONSULATE.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. S. Begg.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In a kind letter from the mother of Robert Louis Stevenson I receive some interesting particulars respecting his "Songs of Travel." Readers make a mistake, it seems, in supposing the beautiful lines "Sing me a song of a lad that is gone," etc., have reference to his own vanished youth. "This," writes Mrs. Stevenson, with touching earnestness, "I am anxious to correct, as it gives a wrong impression of him: he was to the last very youthful, almost boyish, unless during occasional fits of depression. The song was really written for his friend, Miss Ferrier, so I wrote to her to ask particulars, and I shall copy some extracts from her letter": "The original song to which Louis wrote the verses of 'Sing me a song' is called 'Skye Boat-Song' (Jacobite), arranged by Malcolm Lawson, words by Harold Boulton; it begins with—

Speed, bonnie boat,
Like a bird on the wing;
"Onward!" the sailors cry,
"Carry the lad that's born to be King
Over the sea to Skye."

Loud the winds howl;
Loud the waves roar;
Thunder-clouds rend the air,
Baffled our foes stand by the shore,
Follow they will not dare.

This second part it was that Louis disliked, and said he would improve upon it, he thought it so bad. So after I had sung it to him one day at Skerryvore—the summer of 1887—he disappeared, and the next morning handed me the new version, 'Sing me a song,' etc., saying, 'I think that beats Harold Boulton.' That is the history of the verses. Of course, Louis meant to keep up the Jacobite strain in it, and how admirably he succeeds! For what could be more pathetic than the last few lines?—

All that was good,
All that was fair,
All that was me is gone.

It tells its own tale as only Louis could tell it." This explanation is very interesting, though it robs us of something we would fain have retained, and I make haste, in obedience to Mrs. Stevenson's wishes, to correct the false impression which the lines have not unnaturally conveyed.

A doctor in the Highlands, we are told, whose patients are scattered over a wide district, takes carrier-pigeons with him on his rounds and sends his prescriptions by them to the apothecary. He also leaves pigeons with distant families, to be let loose when his services are required. The plan is very ingenious, but seems a little risky for the patients. We are always anxious when the doctor is sent for in the country, and if only a pigeon has gone for him we should be more so. Suppose he met a hawk or an unconscious person with a gun upon the road! There would be "unavoidable delay," and even worse. A novelty in fiction, by the way, would be the shooting of the feathered messenger by the next-of-kin of the patient, thereby depriving him of medical assistance.

What should tend to keep down any haughtiness in pigeons arising from this extended sphere of usefulness is that twelve of them have had a race home with bees, to cot and hive, in which they have been defeated. The incident occurred in Westphalia, and we have no details, but we have every reason to believe that the bees' colours were black and yellow (same as the Russian) and the pigeons' white. Notwithstanding the victory, it is improbable that doctors will substitute bees for pigeons as aerial messengers, the nature of their errands being too liable to be mistaken by the chemist, who might imagine them "fetched" by his jujubes or tamarinds, instead of having been sent away with prescriptions.

The pigeon-post is the earliest as well as the quickest of all posts. The system of training the messengers, if ancient records are to be trusted, was both crude and cruel: "They take them when they sit on their nests, transplanting them in open cages, and return them with letters about their wings like jesses, nor will they ever rest until they come to their young ones." Thus Tamosthenes, by a pigeon stained with purple, gave notice of his victory at the Olympic Games the self-same day to his father in Aegina. An eye-witness residing at Aleppo, who watched both their departure and arrival, tells us that they flew to Babylon, being a distance of thirty days' journey, in forty-eight hours, carrying letters to merchants of both towns. Like the telegraph, however, they were liable to be "tapped," and false intelligence substituted for what they were entrusted with. When Ptolemais was besieged by the French and Venetians, a pigeon-post flew over the camp, which set up so loud a shouting that down fell the poor bird with her letter. In it the Sultan had sent the besieged word that he would be with them in three days and deliver them. The Christians substituted for this message the information that the besieged must look to themselves alone for help, as the Sultan was unable to relieve them, and sent the pigeon on with that, whereupon the city surrendered.

It seems only right and proper in a time when "culture" is so insisted upon and so many of us are being educated beyond our wits, that we should hear something from a competent advocate on the other side of the question. Hitherto, the objections to educating their fellow-creatures have come from persons who think it unfits them for their duties and makes them discontented with their position in life, by giving them accomplishments they cannot make use of and aspirations they cannot realise. But Professor Petrie at the British Association took a widely different view of the question. He attacks education because it makes people so stupid. He makes an onslaught even upon two out of "the three Rs"; arithmetic is beneath his contempt, but he makes the most injurious remarks upon reading and writing, especially the latter. "The fetters of writing," it seems, "hold us back from the living touch with nature . . . the flagging thought has, through them, lost all life and become a mere carcase." This is new, at all events, if it is not true. "The highest skill, the finest taste, the keenest insight are reached without the use of recorded words." The cave-dwellers pictured the mammoth in "a more living way" than we can do it, but it must be conceded that they had more opportunities of studying the subject. There are plenty of people still left in the world to satisfy Professor Petrie in the matter of ignorance, and who, to whatever source they turn for excitement, are certainly not "drunk with reading and writing." Yet we confess they do not strike us as "the heirs of all the ages in the foremost ranks of time." Other things being equal, one would prefer to pass the evening with persons who can read and write; about ciphering, one is inclined, like the Professor, to be indifferent. In view, however, of the twaddle and boredom that we suffer from the education craze, one is tempted to tolerate the Professor's theory; it is not more absurd than other paradoxes that are upheld by various philosophers, though it is certainly more audacious. Personally I have not a word to say against it, for the art of writing, though not unknown to me, I have never properly acquired, and next, as proof of intelligence, to not being able to write at all must rank, I conclude, the fact of writing very badly.

There have been many complaints this year of the large fees exacted, or at all events expected, by gamekeepers. Some of them, it is said, even look askance at gold, and require "paper." This is supposed, I notice, to arise from the influx of the *nouveaux riches* into sporting circles. But the abuse is of long standing. Indeed, with the exception of gamekeepers, the servants in great houses are much less exorbitant in their views upon this matter than they used to be. In old times the "vails" to servants were an insupportable tax upon guests with slender purses. Lord Poor, an Irish nobleman, lived upon a small pension granted him by Queen Anne, and when the Duke of Ormond asked him to dinner always declined the invitation. At last the Duke inquired the cause of his refusals, and he honestly replied that he could not afford the guinea which his Grace's butler demanded. After that a guinea was always enclosed in the note of invitation. The same story is told of Pope and the Duke of Montague, both their Graces preferring to pay the impost themselves rather than offend their servants. Lord Taaffe, an officer in the Austrian service, who resided in London, was the first to make a stand against this exactation. When his guests were going away, he always attended them to the door, and if they offered money to the servant, he interposed in his broken English, "If you do give it, give it to me, for it was I who did buy the dinner." The great blow to the custom was, however, given by Sir Timothy Walker, when, after dining with the Duke of Newcastle, he was waylaid, as usual, by the domestics, he put a crown into the hand of the cook, who returned it, observing, "I do not take silver." "Don't you, indeed?" returned Sir Timothy, putting the crown into his pocket; "then I don't give gold!" This would be a good plan to adopt with a too exacting gamekeeper.

I have every respect, as indeed I am bound to have, for periodical literature, but I do not like it sent to me from over the sea, in a closed envelope, unpaid. This is what has just happened to me, and I think it a particularly objectionable form of forced circulation. It has cost me three times its value, or rather its price, for it is worth nothing. It makes a pretence of being religious, but that is all moonshine, and that I will venture to call it, with apologies to our comic periodical of that name, which it certainly in no way resembles. One virtue, indeed, it possesses—the gift of charity, or rather that particular branch of it which begins and ends at home. It is curious in so pious a print to read how often reference is made to pecuniary matters. In the first page, and in large type, it says: "When a slip appears in your *Moonsh:ne* it will be to notify you that your subscription ends with that month, and should at once be renewed by filling out the slip and returning it to the editor"; and again, "A blue pencil mark here will be to show that your subscription ends with the present month, and must be renewed to have *Moonsh:ne* continue coming to you." On page 2 "The Heartsease Circle," whose badge is "the Pansy," is adjured to keep alive and

well and strong our sweet *Moonsh:ne*. Page 3 is devoted to correspondents who unite in recommending the periodical. One of these combines congratulations with advertisement in quite a remarkable manner: "I am more than thankful to God for giving us *Moonsh:ne*. I am so glad to see you advertise 'Malted Milk,' as it is a splendid preparation. I almost lived entirely on Malted Milk for a long time." Which seems probable enough if the proprietor was of a grateful mind. On page 4 city subscribers are entreated to "kindly forward twelve one cent stamps to *Moonsh:ne* to pay postage on their paper. The Post Office demands are one cent postage on all city addresses." On page 5 there is quite an eloquent appeal to subscribers: "Now is the time to renew subscriptions which expire with the August number. Do not delay, subscribe at once, and thus you will not run the risk of missing a single number. Also gain subscriptions from your friends." At page 6, which marks the first half of the magazine, there is no puff, but a printed slip leaps out of it, beseeching your good offices for *Moonsh:ne*. This really expects too much of human nature. Why should periodicals of this kind be sent to persons who do not want them, thousands of miles away, in unpaid envelopes? Is "our sweet *Moonsh:ne*" so very precious that it cannot be forwarded in a newspaper wrapper? Our own plague of circulars is bad enough, but as compared with this infliction they are mere whips to a scorpion.

"Adventures are to the adventurous," and similarly those who interest themselves in the study of mankind, and in the romances and humours of life, will find something of illustration in subjects the least promising, and though they may be engaged in callings apparently very alien from them. This reflection must occur to everyone who reads the contributions to "Aural Surgery" recently published by Sir William Dalby, a work the title of which does not suggest much interest except to members of his own profession and their patients. These last, indeed, are probably more numerous than any other class of the afflicted, for most men who are treading the downward path of life complain of the tendency among their friends to "mumble." Hence it is that the papers are so full of advertisements of perfect cures for deafness, in the shape of artificial ear-drums, electricity, and other "bubble remedies," as Sir William calls them. There is probably, indeed, no branch of the medical profession so infested by charlatans as that which gives its attention to the deaf. "Can you hear this? Can you hear this?" "No." "Can you hear THIS?" "Yes." "My fee is a guinea." Or you are requested to come again on Monday, and then on Wednesday, and once again upon Saturday, when the aurist charges double for blowing into your ear. "A guinea for a consultation, but two guineas, my dear Sir, for an operation." In many cases there is nothing amiss with the ear at all; it does not require a good aurist to find out as much, but it needs an honest one to say so. It is a case of nerves: any sudden shock, whether moral or physical, will produce deafness—

A lady who some few years ago was under my observation went to India to join her husband, and, upon landing, was driven to the house where he had suddenly died a few hours before her arrival. Walking into the house with good hearing, she came out of the room in which her husband lay dead, stone deaf. In the course of six months she recovered some slight degree of hearing power, but never improved beyond a point which made a clearly articulated word spoken loudly close to either ear audible.

Prolonged anxiety or mental strain, such as is caused, for example, by the attention paid by women to their dear ones during long and serious illness, will destroy hearing. "Our soldiers and sailors know," we are told, "how the unexpected explosion of a gun is to be dreaded (even if aimed at somebody else), and how far more damaging are the explosions of brass guns than of other kinds." The same, one supposes, may be said of brass bands, which is, perhaps, why the Salvationists never seem to hear the appeals addressed to them on the subject of illness in the house. An example of complete and instantaneous deafness through the emotion of fright is instanced in "A Tale of Two Cities": the pistol-shot is the last sound Miss Pross ever hears. Looking back, observes Sir William, to a period when "adenoid vegetations" were unknown, and the precise cause of the characteristic intonation produced by them was unsuspected, it is curious how absolutely familiar Dickens was with them. He must have come in contact with some of them when he so accurately reproduces the voice in one of the characters in "Oliver Twist." There he makes the boy Barney (one of Fagin's gang) say, "Stradegers id the next roob," and "Ah! ad rub 'uds, too, from the cuttry, but subthig in your way, or I 'b bistaked." There are many passages of general and literary interest in these "contributions" outside their professional subject, but, of course, this is their main point. A chapter that concerns many of us is one which treats of tinnitus, or what is commonly called "noises in the ear." There are many causes, and among them overwork. We are reminded, however, that some men do not start with very strong brains, and that what would be child's play to others injures them seriously; what gives noises in the ear to more of us, and those the wisest (unless they are philosophers), is worry.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I admire the courage of John Hare. When he first thought of visiting the great country of America, there to display the finished and polished art of one who has proved to be one of the best, if not the very best, comedians of his time, he was discouraged at every step. He was told, if I mistake not, in my presence that America did not want old men or representatives of old men. Not that John Hare is at all an old man off the stage. He is neither old in age, spirits, nor temperament; but he has made from boyhood a study of senility and of polished, old-fashioned English gentlemen. In this technique of his art he is unique. But the announcement of John Hare in America was received, from the "box-office point of view," with a howl of derision.

Well, the box-office verdict proved wrong in the case of John Hare. "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith," the Duke of St. Olpherts, and all, proved only a *succès d'estime*; but "A Pair of Spectacles," notwithstanding Stoddart and his supposed memories, went like wildfire everywhere. Why? Simply because it is a bit of consummate art, which the box-office critics do not understand. John Hare, gracious as ever, loyal as ever, wishes to show America what a dramatist Pinero is, so he takes "The Hobby Horse" out of the stable and presents it to America, as it is one of the very best of Pinero plays. And he also gives it an excellent cast, as anyone can see who takes the trouble to go up to the Grand Theatre, Islington, whilst Mr. Hare's American company is there. We may miss a Mrs. Kendal and a Herbert Waring, but John Hare is there, better than ever as the aristocratic little sportsman with that healthy mixture of strawberry-leaves and the tan-gallop, and I shall be very much mistaken if America does not enthuse over Charles Groves—what an admirable actor!—as the battered racing-tout, and Miss Mona K. Oram as the young lady who has a partiality for being kissed on the lips as against the brow. The success of this young lady is a great delight to me personally, because I discovered her in a small play at Terry's not so very long ago, and prophesied that she would make her mark when she got her chance. But up to that time I had only seen her in a tender, sentimental part. I had no idea that she had humour also, but it comes out in full force in "The Hobby Horse." To succeed after Mrs. Beerbohm-Tre's delightful performance is a feather in the cap of any young actress. I am looking forward with eagerness to the Esther Eccles of this young lady in "Caste." I have seen all of them. The best, so far, was poor Amy Roselle (Mrs. Dacre), and I fancy that many of the old Prince of Wales's set agree with me. Lydia Foote was charming, but Amy Roselle touched the true sympathetic chord. But what a treat it will be next week with John Hare for the first time in London as Old Eccles!

I hope that by this time that admirable and popular actor, Charles Hawtrey, has in the new play at the Comedy dropped the imitation that no one understands, and has become himself again. "Mr. Martin" is the most puzzling of plays. It starts off with a suggestion of brilliant comedy; it has a middle of intolerable dullness, and it winds up with a forced dramatic spurt. When our good friend Charles Hawtrey goes to the club where he is ever welcome, no doubt it amuses the members to hear him imitate another popular member. I venture to think that the modern system of satirising unknown people in public is a mistake. If Charles Hawtrey—the one original and only Charles Hawtrey—had appeared as the hero of "Mr. Martin" instead of this "ghost," I am certain the audience would have been better pleased. But there was an inartistic effect in the imitation that made the joke more difficult to solve. The American, played by Mr. Brookfield, was supposed to be a smart customer, up to any trick. The Englishman, played by Charles Hawtrey, was supposed to be a "straight man." But as both men apparently talked "hotel bar" Americanese, no one could very well tell why the good, loyal, and pure Englishman, who is the soul of honour, should imitate a Yankee. The solution of the difficulty, apparently, is that the club Englishman imitated by Charles Hawtrey has an American accent. The distinction is very subtle, but it was fatal to the play. It made it incomprehensible. But, doubtless, all that has been altered, and everything now goes smoothly with Charles Hawtrey in *propria persona*. Some excellent acting will be found in the new play at the Comedy. Miss Nina Boucicault has the genuine touch of comedy. She is a student of modern life and manners, and she has the rare gift of humour. Mr. Brookfield's American is in its way a masterpiece. It is a photograph from life. Miss Lottie Venne does her best, as she ever does, to brighten and lighten the scene; and Miss Rose Leclercq, like the artist that she is, struggles bravely with an uncongenial character. Mr. Lovell is always charming, earnest, well bred, distinct, and well dressed. With a little tact and editorial supervision "Mr. Martin" may be worked up into a popular play. So good is the acting that it ought not to be lost. And it is another proof that an actor has in him all the best qualities that make the dramatist. Mr. Charles Hawtrey will one day write a capital comedy.

Mr. Arthur Roberts reopened the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Oct. 3 with a musical farce called "The White Silk Dress," written by Mr. H. J. W. Dam, the author of "The Shop Girl," and set to music by three composers. The piece contains a really farcical main idea, and for an entertainment of this amorphous mode is fairly cohesive. But, of course, Mr. Roberts, who figures as a young briefless barrister, is the thing. Your enjoyment of "The White Silk Dress" will depend mainly on your appreciation of this comedian's personality. He makes one man laugh and another man squirm, and yet there is no denying his extraordinary cleverness, the spontaneity of his humour, his nimbleness of body, his volubility. It is impossible to crib, cabin, and confine him to the written text. Happily, Mr. Dam's book is amusing enough in itself; the dresses of the ladies, taking us back to the fashions of early Victorian times, are very charming, and the music is catchy.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE TURKISH CRISIS.

Within the past week there has been a lull in the storm and stress of the Armenian situation, and this comparative calm has served to strengthen the belief which has gained

peril to public well-being caused by the fact that the active promoters of the massacres have not been punished, and the continuance of danger to all foreign interests. The immediate result of this communication seems to have been an increased desire on the part of the Porte to justify its treatment of the Armenians by drawing renewed attention to their disaffection. An official statement was issued accusing the Armenian population of Tivkan of burning a village in order to excite fresh animosity against the Government, but nothing was known a few days ago of any such occurrence. The Porte has now issued a declaration of its willingness to grant a general amnesty, to carry out reforms in the Asiatic provinces, and to allow the election of a new Patriarch, provided that there are no further disturbances or explosive outrages by Armenians. Popular opinion, however, is naturally sceptical as to the observance of such undertakings, unless it is to be enforced by foreign intervention.

THE CZAR'S TOUR.

The visit of the Emperor and Empress of Russia to Balmoral, which has been the centre of a good deal of public interest, in spite of its private nature, came to an end on the evening of Oct. 3, when their Imperial Majesties bade farewell to the Queen, and sped southwards on their journey to Portsmouth. Early in the day the Emperor and Empress each planted a tree in the grounds of the Castle in memory of their visit. The departure of their Majesties from Balmoral shortly after ten o'clock was made amid a scene that was highly picturesque, for in front of the Castle the Queen's retainers were drawn up, every man in Highland dress and bearing a flaming torch of pine, and as the carriages drove off many hearty cheers echoed through the night. The Queen emerged with her departing guests to the very threshold of the portico, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught accompanied them on their journey. Under a guard of Scots Greys as far as the Station, the royal carriages passed swiftly to Ballater, which was once more brilliantly illuminated, as on the occasion of their Majesties' arrival, and a large crowd had assembled to see the train depart. Here, in addition to the guard of Scots Greys, a guard of honour of one hundred men of the Black Watch formed up to receive their Majesties, and, the royal salute being given, the guard presented arms, and the band played the Russian National Anthem. The infant Grand Duchess Olga, who had preceded her parents to Ballater, was already on board the train, and when their Majesties had taken their places in the royal saloon, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the signal for the start was given. Preceded by a pilot-engine, the royal train sped swiftly through the night, and shortly before nine the next morning arrived at Preston, where the imperial and royal passengers alighted for breakfast. Later in the day another stoppage was made at Oxford for luncheon, and Portsmouth was reached between five and six o'clock. The scene on which the Emperor and Empress arrived was rendered very brilliant by the number of troops and bluejackets drawn up at the jetty and the showy array of naval and military officers in full uniform. As the train stopped, the Duchess of Albany advanced from the *Victoria and Albert* to greet their Majesties, who were received by Mr. Goschen as First Lord of the Admiralty. A thunderous salute of guns from the Channel Squadron proclaimed the crossing of the imperial party on to the *Polar Star*, on board which the Emperor gave a dinner-party later in the evening. The next morning Portsmouth Harbour was early astir. At half-past six the vessels of

the Channel Squadron weighed anchor and put out to sea, headed by the *Blenheim*, which waited at Spithead to take Mr. Goschen on board, and then promptly resumed the lead. Half an hour later the *Polar Star*, with the Emperor and Empress on board, put out to sea, followed by the *Standart* and escorted by a dozen torpedo-boat destroyers. The Duke of Connaught accompanied the yacht out of the harbour in a steam-pinnace, but then returned, the Channel Squadron, under Admiral Lord Walter Kerr, escorting their Majesties half-way towards Cherbourg. Soon after ten o'clock the French Fleet was sighted as it advanced to meet its country's imperial visitors. When the English and French squadrons had saluted, the English escort committed its imperial charge to the French Fleet, and veered round towards home again, the French vessels forming up on either side of the Russian yachts in place of the departing English, after a farewell salute had been exchanged. The naval display was one of great beauty throughout, not even the heavy sea availing to spoil the symmetry of its effect. Before four o'clock the *Polar Star* entered Cherbourg Harbour. Here the Emperor and Empress were received by President Faure and a number of members of the Ministry. Amid great enthusiasm their Majesties disembarked and presently went on board the *Elan* to review the French squadron, each vessel of which was manned as the *Elan* passed by to the strains of the Russian Anthem. After the review the Emperor and Empress departed for Paris, where elaborate preparations for their worthy reception have been long afoot.

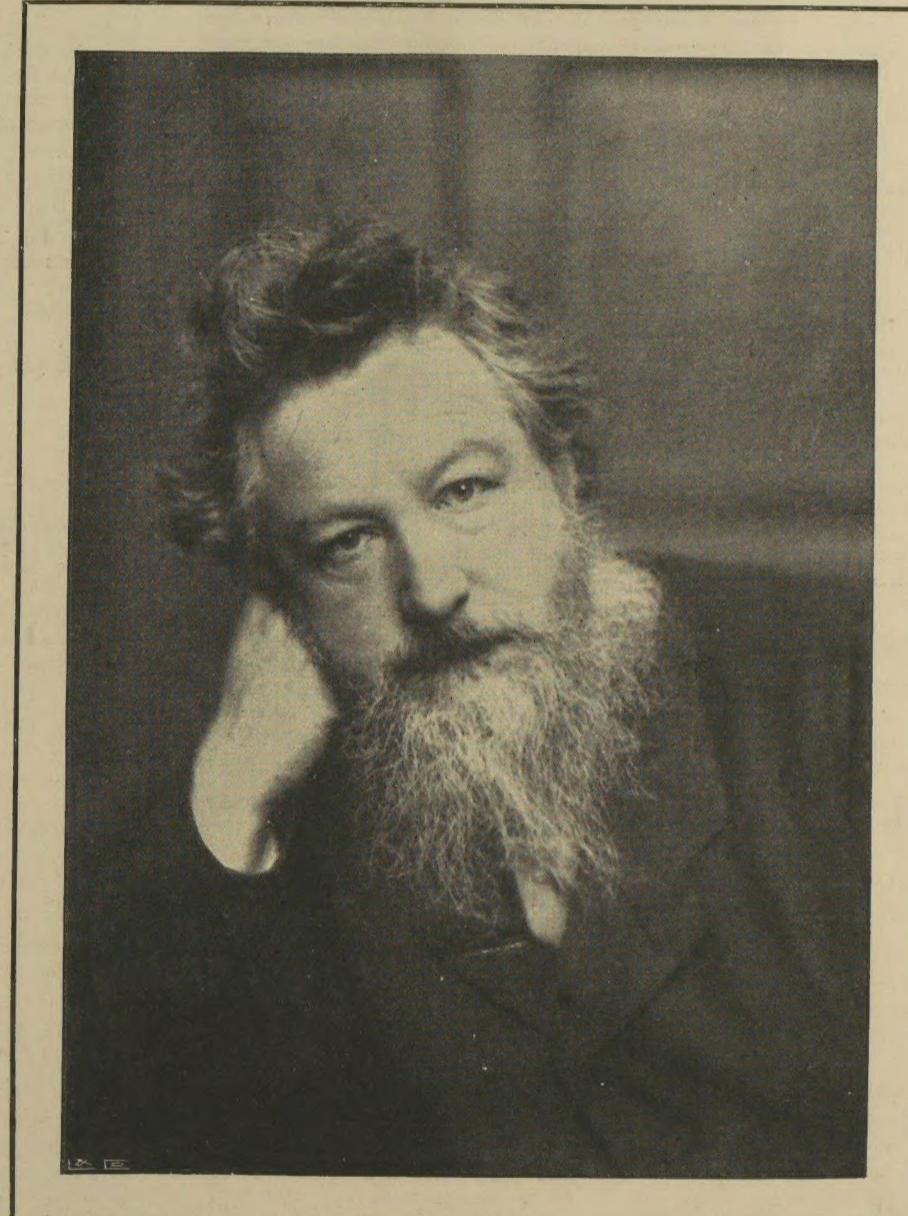


Photo F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

(See Next Page.)

considerable acceptance in spite of the lack of official confirmation, to the effect that the deadlock among the Powers has at last found some solution. The conjecture that the agreement between the other Powers has undergone a modification of its antagonistic intent towards British interference has, doubtless, gained plausibility from the fact of the Czar's presence at Balmoral, where he may well have been convinced by Lord Salisbury of the disinterested nature of England's desire to aid the Armenians; but other signs have not been wanting to point to the speedy possibility of a new unity of opinion among the Powers. Whatever be the precise outcome of present negotiations, the Sultan has certainly been forced to realise the generally outraged feelings of the individual Powers, even though he may hope a while longer to shelter his misrule behind the complexity of their diplomatic relations with one another. Whether M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, menaced Abdul Hamid or not, in his lengthy interview—a point on which conflicting reports have appeared—there can have been no misunderstanding on the part of the Sublime Porte of the collective reply of the Ambassadors to its recent note of denial. This reply, which has now been published, clearly sets forth the adherence of the Ambassadors to their belief that the bands of murderers were under the direction of agents whose conduct was known to the authorities. The Ambassadors admit the orderly course taken by the imperial troops, but at the same time pointedly express their regret that the commands for the restoration of quiet were given forty-eight hours too late. They also urge the

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Those who knew and loved William Morris—and to know him was to love him—will have been thinking for this week past that sixty-two years and a half are but a little span of life for a man of his native vigour and robust habit. They cannot yet take their stand on the platform whence the public will view the matter—the great public who have gained so much from the life cut short this day week—who knew not the man, but saw everywhere the output of his energy and genius, and who can but say, if the question of his "allotted span" occurs to them: "Morris? Well, he has published volumes and volumes of fine poetry, numbers of prose romances, translated epics and sagas from the Greek, the Latin, the Icelandic; poured forth polemical tracts, histories, and treatises; carried on a fine-art decoration business which during some thirty years has been steadily revolutionising British taste in matters of building, decoration, and upholstery; led for years that section of the Socialists whose demands are founded upon reason, editing several volumes of their journal; and lastly set up and carried on a press from which have issued quite a number of books, forming, perhaps, the finest examples of printing ever seen." Such a mass of work, to the public mind, must bring visions of a man "well stricken in years." But to those who were privileged to know him it was a standing wonder that Morris, at the age of sixty, and not looking sixty, had done all this work in the world—so various, so thorough, and so full of the most valuable qualities, and yet always found time to receive his friends and acquaintance, and give them the benefit not only of his hearty, cheery companionship, but also of his unerring judgment and vast learning in all matters connected with the ways and means of beautifying the world and man's life in the world. This day week, if England did but know it, William Morris was the living Englishman she could least afford to lose. The personal qualities which made up the character of this man of genius would have been irresistibly attractive even if he had had no genius at all. Kindliness, sagacity, courage, good comradeship, an inveterate habit of acting upon convictions deliberately formed, and an unwavering sense of honour and true decorum are admirable personal traits to find in one man—apart from genius and erudition: he had them all; and their combination is not so common that his friends can afford to grieve more for the genius than the man.

William Morris was born at Walthamstow on March 24, 1834. Marlborough and Oxford (Exeter College) have the honour of his conventional training; but he must have been getting his special mental education in his own way long before he left Oxford, for his *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, published monthly during the year 1856, teems with work from his own hand, saturated with mediævalism. The profession of an architect being selected, he was articled to Street, but abandoned his articles. His first serious and independent appeal to the public as a man of letters was



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM MORRIS.

Photographed by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, W., from the Portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

Faulkner, and Co., Fine Art Decorators—a business over which he presided up to the time of his death.

In literature, as in life and its varied pursuits, his work divides itself into definite periods, of which the chronological minutiae would be here misplaced. Considered in the light of a poet and story-teller, he may be said to have started on his career as an Anglo-Norman mediævalist, drawing, however, considerable inspiration from the Greek and Latin classics, and gradually, with a widening area of knowledge and reading, taking in at first hand influences from the sturdy literature of the Northmen who peopled Iceland. From the pure mediævalism of "The Defence of Guenevere," "Sir Peter Harpendon's End," "The Haystack in the Floods," and the Chaucerian classicism of "The Life and Death of Jason" (1867), we pass through "The Earthly Paradise" (1868-70) to find the flavour far

more Northern at the end than at the beginning; the actual work of translating large Icelandic sagas in conjunction with Mr. Eric Magnusson had effected the change and had led to the transformation of one Icelandic prose masterpiece, the "Saga of the Laxdale Men," into that poetic masterpiece, "The Lovers of Gudrun," which closes the tale-cycle of "The Earthly Paradise," and ends the first period.

"Love is Enough" (1873), a dramatic and lyric morality, derives the more marked features of its poetic method from the Icelandic; and it is to the second period that both this and several renderings of Icelandic sagas belong, though some of them remained in manuscript till a recent date. The period is that in which Morris shows a prevailing feeling of Northern hardness, has abandoned the three Chaucerian stock metres, and developed a metric system with anapaestic movement surpassing in every vital particular all that has been done in anapaestic measures since Tennyson showed the way in "Maud." In the much higher qualities, which derive from knowledge of life, feeling for national myth, epic action and tragic intensity combined, "The Story of Sigurd the Volsung" (1877), the epic in anapaestic couplets which rounds this period, stands among the foremost poems not only of this century, but of our literature.

The third period, from 1878 to 1890, is chiefly an epoch of lectures, pamphlets, leaflets, and periodical press work; but the literary artist gradually gets the upper hand again. "Chants for Socialists," "The Tables Turned, or Nupkins Awakened," "The Pilgrims of Hope," "A Dream of John Ball," and "News from Nowhere," are all works of art, though saturated with Socialist intention. The translation of the "Odyssey" in anapaestic couplets came out in this period (1887), which may be said to close in effect somewhat before the disruption of the Socialist League and the death, early in 1891, of its journal, the *Commonweal*, which contained less and less of Morris's work towards the close, though "News from Nowhere" in its first form appeared in the journal.

Meanwhile, 1889 had been signalised by a wholly new thing in literature—the wonderful myth-romance of the Goths and Romans called, "A Tale of the House of the Wolfings," chiefly in prose, but with a considerable mass of poetry woven in; and here begins Morris's last period in literary art. "The Roots of the Mountains" (1889), a story of

Goths and Huns, "The Glittering Plain" (1890-91), the revised "News from Nowhere" (1891-92), "Poems by the Way" (September 1891), "The Wood Beyond the World" (May 1894), "Beowulf" in English verse (done in conjunction with the Rev. A. T. Wyatt, January 1895), "Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair" (July 1895), "The Well at the World's End" (March 1896), and several volumes of translations from mediæval French tales, etc., form a mass of high-class work, in all the original part of which Morris has shown great grip of character and intimate knowledge of the doings of men and communities in various ages. Altogether, counting "John Ball," here are eight works of fiction in which this master of all the leading crafts that can be named has devised a new method and a fresh form of speech, has laid out his stories with admirable clearness, filled their fabric with beautiful legends, or visions of what has been and what may be, and created a living gallery of men and women, all unmistakable in the differentia of their characters and personalities. If there were no first, second, and third periods at all, these books of his fourth and, alas! final period would alone suffice to secure him a place among the greatest literary artists of the age and, indeed, of the world.

Leaving literature aside, the epochs of his life are so many important chapters in the history of arts and crafts in England, and in the social and political movement which is still going on for the benefit of the handicraftsman. Not to be too nicely discriminative, there is the period when he started his undertaking on aesthetic grounds to reform our views of colour, curve, line, texture—in a word, our tastes. This threw him into those relations with handicraftsmen which could lead his generous heart but one way—to make the handicraftsman's life joyful. In developing his views for the workmen, he enlarged his scope; from importing rough but comely pottery out of France, he got to influencing the manufacture and securing the distribution of de Morgan lustre—a lost art revived. From bringing home Eastern carpets he grew to see that after all these were not the fittest and best for a Western civilisation, and he set up his dye-works and looms and made fabrics and carpets which will influence the taste of the Western world when he has been dead

Well at World's End, first draft
William Morris

a century. He entered into the practical side of the Socialist propaganda and went on fearlessly till convinced not that he would come to harm, but that "ructions with police," as he phrased it, would injure the cause. Lastly, he saw what a base, mechanical thing was become this great art of printing of ours; and he set up the Kelmscott Press, to issue books in which every letter should be beautiful. He had his own handmade paper made from pure linen rag, set up hand-presses, obtained the best of ink, employed the best

14
of his house which was new and goodly
Sniffing the sweet-scent of the morning, he
was clad in a goodly long gown of grey
washed with silver mett for the summer tide—for little
he wrought with his hands and much
with his tongue. he was a man of 40 summers
black bearded and bushy and his name was
Clement Chapman. When he saw Ralph he
smiled kindly and came and held his hand
and said welcome lord! art thou come to
eat and drink and give a message in a poor
peasant's house. Yea said Ralph smiling (for
he was hungry). I will eat & drink with thee
and kiss thy hand. And he got off his horse &
the Carle led him into his house. And if it
were goodly without within it was better.
For there was a fair chamber panelled
with carven work well wrought, and a cupboard
of no sorry state and the chairs & stools
as fair as might be, no kings might be better
and the windows were glazed and there were
flowers & plants & posies in them. and hadd
the bed was hung with goodly webs from
over sea such as the Solarian boughs. Also
whereas his ware bowers were hard by the chamber

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST DRAFT OF MR. MORRIS'S LAST ROMANCE,
"THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END."

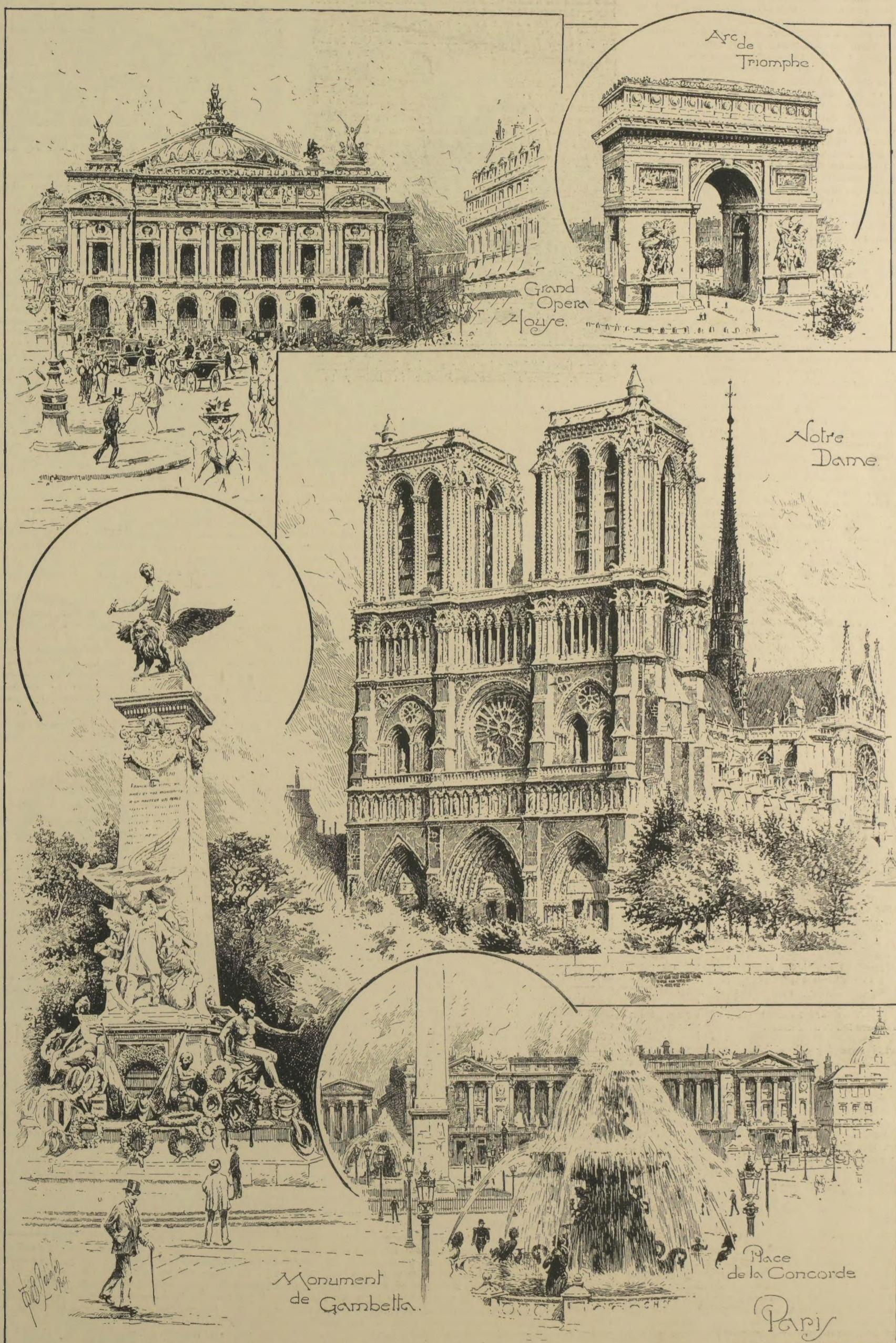
labour he could get, and set good binders to put his sheets together in seemly vellum or parchment; and he issued a great series of masterpieces in the art of printing. Many of his own fourth-period books appeared first in this sumptuous form; and now, as he lies at peace in the quiet little Oxfordshire village which gives his press its name, the fortunate possessors of the great folio Chaucer edited by his old friend Frederick Ellis and beautified by the lovely pictures of his older friend Edward Burne-Jones, whom he playfully called "the Baronet," are turning in wonder the pages of the noblest book ever printed. It is good to temper our grief with the thought that the brave man and great artist who crammed the joyous labour of three lifetimes into sixty-two years and a half to benefit his humbler fellow-craftsmen, saw with his eyes this crowning work of many applied arts and crafts before he entered into his rest.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.



KELMSCOTT HOUSE, MR. WILLIAM MORRIS'S RESIDENCE AT HAMMERSMITH.

"The Defence of Guenevere, and other Poems" (1858), although "Sir Galahad" had appeared separately a few months earlier; and long before his "Jason" came out he had founded, with the co-operation of Gabriel Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, and others, the commercial undertaking conducted under the style of Morris, Marshall,



PERSONAL.

Lord Russell of Killowen returns to England with none but the pleasantest impressions of his American tour. Some of the more skittish papers on the other side of the Atlantic have represented the Lord Chief Justice as a martyr to American hospitality. They have interspersed his speeches with imaginary asides addressed to his son, as, for instance, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am delighted to be here." (Aside: "Charlie, for Heaven's sake get me away!") Such jesting is never altogether convenient; and, in the case of Lord Russell of Killowen, who is nothing if not straightforward, it was singularly out of place. The only meeting of which he had more than enough was the one of Mr. Bryan's at which Lady Russell felt faint, and had to be conducted out of the impenetrable crowd by a dangerous climb and descent. The American Press are sympathetic enough as to that episode. It was in English papers that it was called "amusing." Praed sighed for the days of his youth in which, as an Eton boy, he found "vast wit in broken noses." But it is not only boys, as other people besides Lord Russell have experienced during the last week or two, who find matter for smiles in the misfortunes of their fellow men.

Captain Leo Maxse has gone to the States on a literary and political mission. He has arranged in advance for interviews with Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan; and the results will no doubt be communicated to the readers of the *National Review*.

The illness of Mr. Du Maurier is, unhappily, coincident with the appearance of the first instalment of his new story in *Harper's*, which promises to be even more romantic than "Trilby." Mr. Du Maurier draws upon his store of school reminiscences, and relies once more upon that agreeable compound of French and English idioms which made the charm of the early scenes in his first novel. It is not the first time that the planet Mars has played an important part in fiction. In a story published some years ago the hero goes to Mars in a flying-machine, finds the inhabitants with pale blue complexions, and brings away a lady who unfortunately dies in our uncongenial climate.

It was a happy idea of General Chapman, commander of the military forces in Scotland, to inspect the parade of veterans to the number of 458 at Edinburgh. This gathering of old soldiers included men who enlisted as far back as 1831. Among the decorations were 182 Crimean medals, 104 for the Indian Mutiny, 90 for Lord Roberts's Afghan campaign, 104 for the Egyptian campaign of 1882 and the following year, and 117 medals for long service and good conduct. General Chapman delivered to the veterans a special message from the Queen, expressing warm interest in the ceremony. This, at all events, is a better recognition of the services of our old soldiers than is commonly found in the records of Poor-law administration. One of the veterans at Edinburgh wore the Victoria Cross. This was Mr. Samuel Evans, formerly of the 26th Cameronians, who won his V.C. in the Crimea, together with the French War medal awarded by Napoleon III., and a gift of five pounds from Lord Raglan for "coolness under fire in the trenches."

The death of Dr. Joseph Augustus Moloney, at the early age of thirty-eight, will be much regretted by all

who are interested in African exploration and in adventurous travel generally. Dr. Moloney was a son of the late Captain Moloney, of the 60th Rifles. He studied medicine at Dublin, and practised in London for some years, but subsequently went out to Morocco. Six years ago he came back to England, and promptly offered himself as medical officer on the Stairs Expedition, his experiences of which he has vividly recorded in his book, "With Captain Stairs to Katanga." His plucky conduct of the expedition back to the coast, during the fatal illness of Captain Stairs, is too recent to need recapitulation. In the early part of last year Dr. Moloney commanded an expedition in the interests of the Chartered Company into the district on the Loangwe river, west of Lake Nyassa, and the discretion which he showed in his negotiations with hostile chiefs was much appreciated by the English authorities. Dr. Moloney had all the tact and intrepidity which go to the making of a great explorer, and had he lived longer he might well have won yet further distinction as a traveller.

The private view of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition on Saturday was a function which some people seemed to think might be postponed at the very last moment in consequence of the death of Mr. William Morris. That course was impossible for practical reasons; and it has not much to recommend it even for sentimental ones. One may go so far as to doubt whether the closing of the doors of the exhibition to the public for the first days of this week was a form of homage to the memory of William Morris which William Morris himself would have approved. His work outlives him as his best memorial; and the evidence of it lies in the very existence of the exhibition at the New Gallery, which his influence made possible, and in which his own talent and industry find direct representation. Mr. Morris himself, by the way, was not much

of a private-viewer. He had a shyness which his outer bearing somewhat belied; and he learned from Dante Gabriel Rossetti a certain aloofness from society which also included a dislike for crowded galleries on days devoted less perhaps to art than to fashion.

The widow of the great scientist, Charles Darwin, passed away at her residence at Down, Kent, on Oct. 2, at the ripe age of eighty-eight.

Mrs. Darwin was known before her marriage as Miss Emma Wedgwood, being a daughter of Mr. Josiah Wedgwood, and a granddaughter of the founder of the well-known pottery works called by the family name. She married Darwin, who was her cousin, in 1839, and

among the children who now survive both their parents are Mr. Francis Darwin, Reader in Botany to the University of Cambridge, and Mr. George H. Darwin, Professor of Astronomy, also at Cambridge. Another son is Major Leonard Darwin, who formerly represented the Lichfield division of Staffordshire in the House of Commons, but lost his seat to Mr. Fulford at the last General Election, and was again defeated by Mr. Courtenay Warner after Mr. Fulford had been unseated on petition. Save when she stayed with her distinguished sons at Cambridge, Mrs. Darwin latterly lived in seclusion at Down, the quiet Kentish home to which she and her husband moved a few years after their marriage, and the scene of Charles Darwin's last illness and death fourteen years ago. Mrs. Darwin took a pride in keeping her husband's library in much the same condition as it stood in his lifetime, and to the last she herself remained keenly interested in scientific matters.

In connection with their chronicling of the Czar's doings it is pleasant to note that the French journals have been paying high compliments to the Prince of Wales, whose personal popularity with the Parisians has never known a shadow. It is not only as a *grand seigneur* that the Prince enjoys the esteem of the French, but as a politician whose tact has rendered great service to British statesmanship at critical junctures.

M. Henri Rochefort, in the preface to the English translation of his autobiography, says some agreeable things about England. They are obviously sincere, for it is well known that his prolonged sojourn in this country enabled M. Rochefort to discover that Albion is not always *perfidie*. He says that our regard for the liberty of the subject is a lesson which France has yet to learn. As a man of many imprisonments he speaks on this point with authority.

The death of Mr. Edward Bumpus, the well-known bookseller of Holborn and Oxford Street, removes a very pleasant and kindly figure from the book world. He was no mere tradesman, but a man who delighted to discuss the best literature, and who possessed a very wide knowledge of old books.

Newcastle-on-Tyne is taking prompt measures to celebrate "the long reign"; and very sensible and practical ones too. The chief proposal is to build a new infirmary to replace the present not very suitable building, which, large as it is, is never quite ample enough for the needs of that enormous district, with its daily tale of wounded workmen from iron-works, and chemical-works and coal-mines. The Mayor boldly suggested that £60,000 should be raised—a thousand for every year of her Majesty's reign; and that is a precedent which may well be noted in other towns where loyalty finds what is, after all, its best expression—in the promotion of works of public usefulness and charity. The employers of labour at Newcastle have made already a response that justifies the Mayor's proposal, Lord Armstrong's gun-works giving £5000, a sum to which Lord Armstrong himself adds another £2000. Other employers have followed this splendid lead, so that already £40,000 has been promised.

Said Khalid, who was Sultan of Zanzibar for a few hours, is enjoying the hospitality of a German ship. This patronage of decayed usurpers appears to please the colonial party in Germany, and as it can do no injury to British interests in Zanzibar, it excites no particular concern in this country. There are other potentates who might go cruising in German vessels to the great contentment of the world in general. If the Kaiser would persuade Abdul Hamid to take a long voyage he would find this act of courtesy quite popular everywhere.

At the age of ninety-five Miss Anna Frances Emily Beddoes, the bearer of a name of note, has died at Clifton. Thomas Lovell Beddoes, poet and physiologist, was her brother—her younger brother. She was, therefore, the daughter of Dr. Thomas Beddoes, of Clifton, and the niece of Maria Edgeworth, whose sister Anna her father married. Dr. Beddoes, it is curious to remember, found it convenient to resign his chemistry lectureship at Oxford on account of his sympathy with the French Revolution in 1792; and the year of the birth of Miss Beddoes was also the year in which Davy left her father, his first friend and patron, in whose Pneumatic Institute at Clifton he had already discovered the properties of nitrous oxide. Miss Beddoes had mourned her father for a record time—eighty-eight years; for she was only seven when his death called from

Coleridge the remark, "I felt that more had been taken out of my life than by any former event."

Tynan figures as a literary genius in the edition of his monumental work presented to his English readers by publishers who have judiciously reduced the original to the extent of one half. He tells the story of the Irish Invincibles, but the narrative savours more of alcohol than of historical judgment. The chief object of the writer is to convince ignorant extremists in America that he is the man for their money. He has, apparently, succeeded in this, for the most remarkable point in the crazy enterprise which ended in a drinking-bar at Boulogne was the amplitude of the funds in Tynan's possession. To most readers his book is mere delirium; but there is nothing to prevent him from writing another relating, with a tipsy mixture of metaphors, the exploits which signalled the latest dynamite campaign.

An older woman than the Queen by four years is the Dowager Countess Russell, and yet she has accepted an invitation to the platform of a meeting held to express sympathy with the Armenians. Singularly enough, Mr. Gladstone was invited to attend the same meeting—the statesman for whom Earl Russell had to make way. At Pembroke Lodge, Richmond Park, where the venerable Countess lives with her daughter, Lady Agatha Russell, memorials of the political leadership, great in its day, of Lord John Russell, are treasured by his widow, who has lived long enough to see Mr. Gladstone's own retirement—a retirement, as he has once again explained, this time in response to an article by Mr. Traill, which the infirmities of age prevent his reconsidering.

Sir Edmund Du Cane denies that a convict runs any risk of mental derangement. He says that the life of a prisoner is no more monotonous than that of a stock-broker's clerk. This seems to overlook the trifling circumstance that the stockbroker's clerk has a considerable measure of liberty. When he leaves his desk and goes home he is scarcely in the position of a convict, who is liable to solitary confinement on bread and water. Sir Edmund Du Cane's opinions are not likely to satisfy the public mind as to the advantages of our prison system.

The Bishop of Ripon has taken to the bicycle, an example followed by the Dean and Chapter of the diocese. Minor canons may be seen any day cycling on the excellent roads round Ripon, quite unmindful of the opinions held in some quarters that this pastime is derogatory to the sacred office. It is even said that the Bishop does not hesitate to put his feet up when "coasting," a practice against which the Episcopacy was solemnly warned by the *Spectator*.

A trade union of doctors to keep up medical fees does not sound like a very hopeful undertaking. It is suggested on the ground that some doctors are "underselling" their competitors by charging their patients too little. In an average commercial business of simple exchange and barter prices may be kept up by combination; but to prevent a doctor from discriminating between the poor and the rich patients is obviously impossible. At all events, such a project is not likely to receive any sympathy from the public.

The early death of Mr. Henry Byron Reed will be lamented not only by his constituents and fellow-politicians,

but by the many friends whom his vigorous personality won for him in all classes of society, and especially in Church circles, in the course of his lecturing experiences in all parts of the kingdom. Mr. Reed was the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Draper Reed, and first came to the front as a leading citizen of Darlington.

Although but forty-one years of age at the time of his death, Mr. Reed had done valiant service in the cause of Church defence for fully twenty years, having been a particularly active member of the Church Defence Institution. He was a member of the School Board for six years, up to 1886, when he was returned, in the Conservative interest, for East Bradford. This seat he lost in 1892, but regained it three years later by defeating Mr. W. S. Caine. In the House he was well known for his zealous support of Church interests. He always enjoyed a fair fight with Nonconformity in any shape. Mr. Reed's sudden death at Ventnor from the effects of a carriage accident, from which he seemed to be recovering, follows, by a curious coincidence, a somewhat similar mishap with which he met three months ago, when he was thrown out of a hansom.

Mr. Robert Newman's continuous season of Promenade Concerts closes to-night (Saturday) at the Queen's Hall, but it is gratifying to hear that they will not be altogether relinquished, but will be given Saturday by Saturday under the same auspices until the month of April. Meanwhile, with the opening of the fortieth season of Crystal Palace Concerts last Saturday, the autumn season of music may be said to have well begun. A little pamphlet has been issued to the effect that these concerts will not be continued unless the public shows greater practical appreciation of their worth. Such a consummation would be disastrous to our musical reputation. Next week we shall have the Colonie Orchestra at the Queen's Hall.



THE LATE MRS. CHARLES DARWIN.

Photo Maud and Fox, Piccadilly.
THE LATE DR. J. A. MOLONEY.Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE LATE MR. BYRON REED, M.P.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

On the morning after the departure of the Emperor and Empress of Russia from Balmoral, her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, drove to Birkhall to call on the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam. On the following day Lord George Hamilton arrived at the Castle as Minister in Attendance.

The Prince of Wales left Balmoral on September 30 in order to attend the First October Meeting at Newmarket, where he had the pleasure of seeing his horse Persimmon win the Jockey Club Stakes; Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto came in second. On Oct. 7 his Royal Highness went to Norwich for the Musical Festival, which opened with a performance of Handel's "Jephtha."

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne are staying at Overstrand, Cromer, on a visit to Lord and Lady Battersea.

Meetings continue to be held in various parts of the kingdom for the expression of the popular indignation on behalf of the Armenians. Among the prominent men who have spoken at these gatherings within the last few days have been Sir William Harcourt, Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Asquith.

The strike among London cabmen last week occupied a good deal of official attention. A deputation was sent to the Home Office by the London Cabdrivers' Union, asking that some check might be put upon the alleged plying of unlicensed vehicles at railway stations. A good number of the men out on strike went back to work on obtaining the concession of the Union's demands from two proprietors, but on Sunday there was still some thousand men on strike to swell a demonstration held in Trafalgar Square for the purpose of ventilating the same grievance. Mr. John Burns, M.P., who was one of the speakers at this meeting, urged the continuance of the strike until the railway stations should be declared free and open. A few hours later a meeting of the cabmen privileged to ply at the stations was held, for the purpose of requesting the railway companies on no account to open up the cab traffic at their stations.

The later accounts of the occupation of Dongola by the Sirdar and his force all testify to the utter disorganisation of the Dervishes, which makes it unlikely that they will offer any further resistance.

It is now announced, however, that no advance further south will be made within the present year. The whole province of Dongola is forthwith to be reorganised, and its administration will be placed in the hands of Government officers, both British and Egyptian. As the town of Dongola is practically in ruins, a new military stronghold will be built on neighbouring ground. In addition to his promotion to the rank of Major-General in the British Army in recognition of the brilliant success of his advance up the Nile, the Sirdar, Sir Herbert Kitchener, has received the Grand Cordon of the Order of the Osmanieh from the Khedive. He has now returned to Dongola from his tour of inspection to Merawi.

The amendments proposed by the Queensland Legislative Council in the Australian Federal Enabling Bill have not found favour in the Queensland Assembly, where valiant objections have been urged against all but one of them. The Legislative Council has, however, decided by a strong majority to insist upon its amendment which allows the Council some voice in the election of delegates to attend the projected Convention.

There seems likely to be another period of distress in India such as prevailed last winter. Already the

price of corn, and indeed of dry foods generally, is exceptionally high, both in the Punjab and in parts of the North-West Provinces. The Government is prepared once more to provide relief works should the spread of distress render them necessary.

The American Presidential campaign goes vigorously and gaily on. Mr. Bryan has now issued a signed document to the effect that he has no doubts whatever as to his own election, but for the better attainment of that end he urges Free Silver Republicans of every class to sink minor

at any rate. It is understood that no formal reply to the British Government's demand for his extradition will be given until after the Czar's visit to Paris. Haines and Kearney, on the other hand, whose extradition the Government decided that it was unable to ask, were on Oct. 5 placed by the Belgian police on board the Atlantic liner *Werkendam*, bound for New York. The other conspirator, Edward Ivory, alias Bell, was last week again brought up at Bow Street Police-court, but only to be again remanded.

The recent renewal of rebellion in Rhodesia, which led

to the severe fight on the Mazoe River, bears the appearance of one of a series of last stands among the Matabili and Mashona insurgents. Before he left on his way to attack Masongombi, Colonel Alderson was able to pronounce the whole Mazoe region free from rebels, and the district between Gwelo and Shangani is reported to be equally clear. The frequent surrenders of insurgents show that they have been successfully cowed, and the captives say that the rank and file of the rebels are tired of war, and are only held together by the spirit of their respective indunas.

If this be the case, there is not likely to be much more fighting. The rinderpest still works great havoc in many districts—so much so, indeed, that Oct. 15 has been set apart as a public day of fasting and prayer for the alleviation of the plague. Meanwhile Buluwayo has been the scene of a more violent calamity in the explosion of its powder magazine, which killed or seriously injured a number of whites and Kaffirs who were in the immediate neighbourhood of the magazine when the disaster occurred. Hospitals were speedily improvised for the wounded, and all the uninjured populace, under the personal direction of Lord Grey and Sir Frederick Carrington, worked gallantly for the rescue and relief of the sufferers.

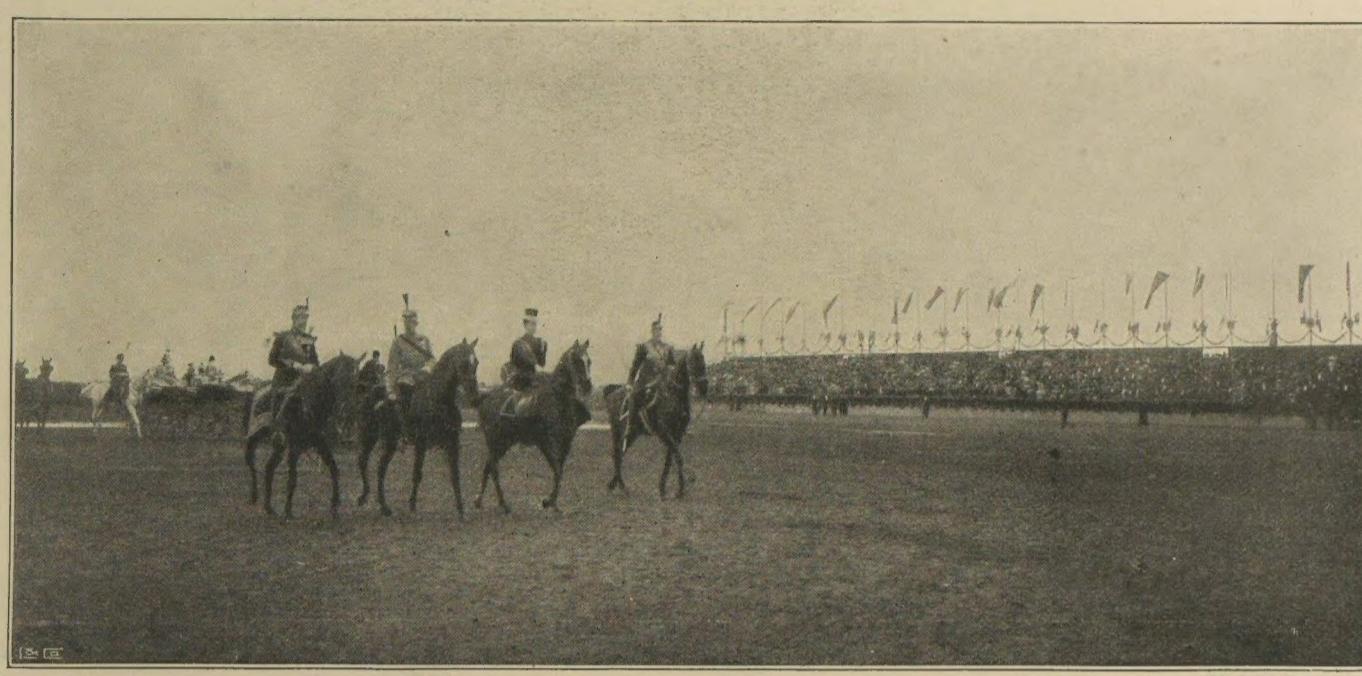
THE OPENING OF THE IRON GATES.

Orsova, a little Hungarian frontier town on the Danube, within a stone's throw of the kingdoms of Roumania and Servia, has been busy for several years as the headquarters for the construction of a great canal by which the Danube—the second largest river in Europe—is to be made more fully navigable. But business gave place to gaiety when, a few days ago, the Iron Gates of the new canal were officially opened.

Orsova made room for royalties and statesmen and journalists, all gathered together to celebrate the labours now brought to a happy consummation. The Emperor-King Francis Joseph was there; so were King Charles of Roumania and King Alexander of Servia. The three monarchs were carried by the steamer *Francis Joseph*, at the head of a procession of ships, through the new waterway at the Iron Gates. Their passage through the channel to the romantic Kasan Pass was accompanied by a continuous discharge of artillery, kept up on the Servian and Roumanian shores. On entering the canal, the three kings drank from golden goblets to the health

of their three peoples. "The works," said the Emperor-King, "which were entrusted to Austria-Hungary by the European arcopagus assembled in Berlin, are finished. The last hindrance that opposed the free passage of this great stream are removed. Proud of that mission, I declare the new route open to commerce, convinced that it will give an impetus to the development, as peaceful as it is lucrative, of international relations."

The Emperor afterwards paid a visit to Roumania, and was present at a grand review in Bucharest. King Charles rode down the lines with him, the Crown Prince and Princess of Roumania accompanying them on horseback, while the Queen looked on from a carriage.

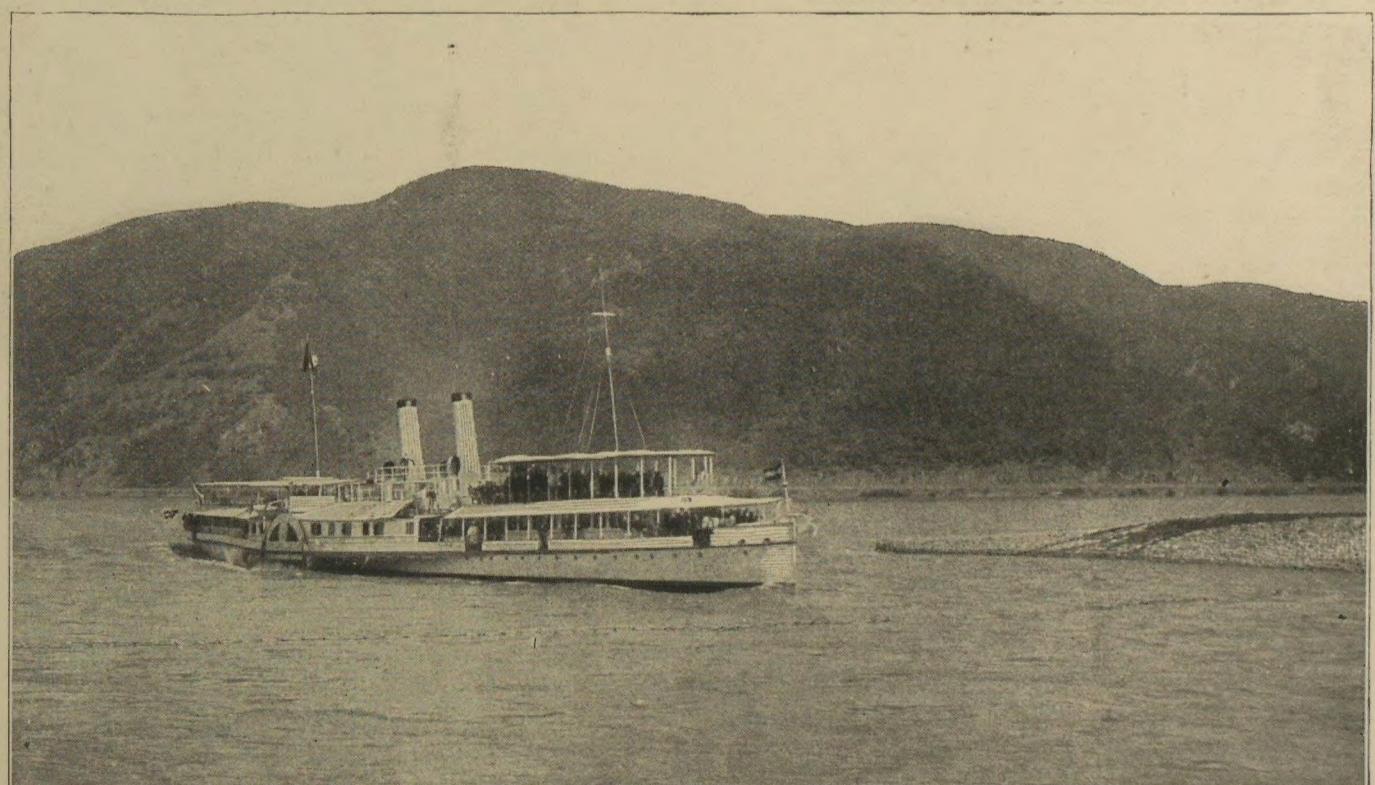


MILITARY REVIEW AT BUCHAREST IN HONOUR OF THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

differences in working loyally together. Mr. Bryan has been suffering from frequent hoarseness, but denies the reports that his health is otherwise impaired. Mr. McKinley has now made over ninety speeches in the course of his campaign, but this number looks a mere bagatelle beside the two hundred and twenty odd of his rival.

A terrific storm and hurricane swept over a large area in the United States on Sept. 29, leaving devastation in its track. In Savannah, Georgia, a number of people were killed, and the damage to property was very great. Brunswick and Pennsylvania also suffered severely from the gale, and a bridge over the Susquehanna, at Columbia, was wrecked in its entire length of more than a mile, and the débris carried away. The city of Staunton, in Virginia, was flooded, and great damage and loss of life ensued, and many smaller towns and villages were wrecked or swept completely away by the hurricane. The destruction of telegraph apparatus has retarded full information concerning the effects of the storm.

The results of the investigations of the seal question in Behring Sea point to the necessity for some friendly arrangement between Great Britain and the United States.



OPENING OF THE IRON GATES: THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR AND THE KINGS OF ROUMANIA AND SERVIA ON BOARD THE "FRANCIS JOSEPH."

Mr. Darcy Thompson, the British Imperial Commissioner appointed to make observations of the seal industry in conjunction with the United States Behring Sea Commissioners, Messrs. Lucas and Jordan, reports that the decrease in seals is not so marked as has been thought; but he seems to be in accord with the American Commissioners in ascribing what decline there is to the killing of female seals. The organised protection of the seal herd is urged by the Commissioners as the primary necessity.

Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, Patrick Tynan, "Number One," has not been released from prison at Boulogne, nor is he likely to be, for the present



WANDERING THOUGHTS.—BY E. J. WALKER.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER III.

When he had disappeared, the room was very silent.

Suddenly Goldsmith, who had remained sitting at the table with his face buried in his hands, started up, crying out, "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!" How could I be so great a fool as to forget that he published 'Rasselas' since the Dictionary?" He ran to the door and opened it, calling downstairs: "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!" "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!"

"Sir!" came the roar of Dr. Johnson. "Close that door and return to your chair, if you desire to retain even the smallest amount of the respect which your friends once had for you. Cease your bawling, Sir, and behave decently."

Goldsmith shut the door.

"I did you a gross injustice, Sir," said he, returning slowly to the table. "I allowed that man to assume that you had published no book since your Dictionary. The fact is, that I was so disturbed at the moment I forgot your 'Rasselas.'"

"If you had mentioned that book, you would but have added to the force of your relation's contention, Dr. Goldsmith," said Johnson. "If I am suspected of being an idle dog, the fact that I have printed a small volume of no particular merit will not convince my accuser of my industry."

"Those who know you, Sir," cried Goldsmith, "do not need any evidence of your industry. As for that man—"

"Let the man alone, Sir," thundered Johnson.

"Pray why should he let the man alone, Sir?" said Boswell.

"Because, in the first place, Sir, the man is a clergyman, in rank next to a Bishop; in the second place, he is a relative of Dr. Goldsmith's; and, in the third place, he was justified in his remarks."

"Oh, no, Sir," said Boswell. "We deny your generous plea of justification. Idle! Think of the dedications which you have written even within the year."

"Psha! Sir, the more I think of them the—well, the less I think of them, if you will allow me the paradox," said Johnson. "Sir, the man is right, and there's an end on't. Dr. Goldsmith, you will convey my compliments to your cousin, and assure him of my good-will. I can forgive him for everything, Sir, except his ignorance respecting my Dictionary. Pray what is his name, Sir?"

"His name, Sir, his name?" faltered Goldsmith.

"Yes, Sir, his name. Surely the man has a name," said Johnson.

"His name, Sir, is—is—God help me, Sir, I know not what is his name."

"Nonsense, Dr. Goldsmith! He is your cousin and a Dean. Mr. Boswell tells me that he has heard you refer to him in conversation; if you did so in a spirit of boasting, you erred."

For some moments Goldsmith was silent. Then, without looking up, he said in a low tone:

"The man is no cousin of mine; I have no relative who is a Dean."

"Nay, Dr. Goldsmith, you need not deny it," cried Boswell. "You boasted of him quite recently, and in the presence of Mr. Garrick, too."

"Mr. Boswell's ear is acute, Goldsmith," said Burke with a smile.

"His ears are so long, Sir, one is not surprised to find the unities of nature are maintained when one hears his voice," remarked Goldsmith in a low tone.

"Here comes Mr. Garrick himself," said Reynolds, as the door was opened and Garrick returned, bowing in his usual pleasant manner as he advanced to the chair which

he had vacated not more than half an hour before. "Mr. Garrick is an impartial witness on this point."

"Whatever he may be on some other points," remarked Burke.

"Gentlemen," said Garrick, "you seem to be some-

what less harmonious than you were when I was compelled to hurry away to keep my appointment. May I inquire the reason of the difference?"

"You may not, Sir!" shouted Johnson, seeing that Boswell was burning to acquaint Garrick with what had



He ran to the door and opened it, calling downstairs: "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia!"

occurred. Johnson quickly perceived that it would be well to keep the visit of the clergyman a secret, and he knew that it would have no chance of remaining one for long if Garrick were to hear of it. He could imagine Garrick burlesquing the whole scene for the entertainment of the Burney girls or the Horneck family. He had heard more than once of the diversion which his old pupil at Lichfield had created by his mimicry of certain scenes in which he, Johnson, played an important part. He had been congratulating himself upon the fortunate absence of the actor during the visit of the clergyman. "You may tell Mr. Garrick nothing, Sir," he repeated, as Garrick looked with a blank expression of interrogation around the company.

"Sir," said Boswell, "my veracity is called in question."

"What is a question of your veracity, Sir, in comparison with the issues that have been in the balance during the past half-hour?" cried Johnson.

"Nay, Sir, one question," said Burke, seeing that Boswell had collapsed. "Mr. Garrick—have you heard Dr. Goldsmith boast of having a Dean for a relative?"

"Why, no, Sir," replied Garrick; "but I heard him say that he had a brother who deserved to be a Dean."

"And so I had, Sir," cried Goldsmith. "Alas! I cannot say that I have now. My poor brother died a country clergyman a few years ago."

"I am a blind man so far as evidence bearing upon things seen is concerned," said Johnson; "but it seemed to me that some of the man's gestures—nay, some of the tones of his voice as well—resembled those of Dr. Goldsmith. I should like to know if anyone at the table noticed the similarity to which I allude?"

"I certainly noticed it," cried Boswell eagerly.

"Your evidence is not admissible, Sir," said Johnson. "What does Sir Joshua Reynolds say?"

"Why, Sir," said Reynolds with a laugh, and a glance towards Garrick, "I confess that I noticed the resemblance and was struck by it, both as regards the man's gestures and his voice. But I am as convinced that he was no relation of Dr. Goldsmith's as I am of my own existence."

"But if not, Sir, how can you account for—"

Boswell's inquiry was promptly checked by Johnson.

"Be silent, Sir," he thundered. "If you have left your manners in Scotland in an impulse of generosity, you have done a foolish thing, for the gift was meagre out of all proportion to the needs of your country in that respect. Sir, let me tell you that the last word has been spoken touching this incident. I will consider any further reference to it in the light of a personal affront."

After a rather awkward pause, Garrick said:

"I begin to suspect that I have been more highly diverted during the past half-hour than any of this company."

"Well, Davy," said Johnson, "the accuracy of your suspicion is wholly dependent on your disposition to be entertained. Where have you been, Sir, and of what nature was your diversion?"

"Sir," said Garrick, "I have been with a poet."

"So have we, Sir—with the greatest poet alive—the author of 'The Deserted Village'—and yet you enter to find us immoderately glum," said Johnson. He was anxious to show his friend Goldsmith that he did not regard him as accountable for the visit of the clergyman whom he quite believed to be Oliver's cousin, in spite of the repudiation of the relationship by Goldsmith himself, and the asseveration of Reynolds.

"Ah, Sir, mine was not a poet such as Dr. Goldsmith," said Garrick. "Mine was only a sort of poet."

"And pray, Sir, what is a sort of poet?" asked Boswell.

"A sort of poet, Sir, is one who writes a sort of poetry," replied Garrick.

He then began a circumstantial account of how he had made an appointment for the hour at which he had left his friends, with a gentleman who was anxious to read to him some portions of a play which he had just written. The meeting was to take place in a neighbouring coffee-house in the Strand; but even though the distance which he had to traverse was short, it had been the scene of more than one adventure, which, narrated by Garrick, proved comical to an extraordinary degree.

"A few yards away I almost ran into the arms of a clergyman—he wore the bands and apron of a Dean," he continued, not seeming to notice the little start which his announcement caused in some directions. "The man grasped me by the arm," he continued, "doubtless recognising me from my portraits—for he said he had never seen me act—and then began an harangue on the text of neglected opportunities. It seemed, however, that he had no more apparent example of my sins in this direction than my neglect to produce Dr. Goldsmith's 'Good-Natured Man.' Faith, Gentlemen, he took it quite as a family grievance." Suddenly he paused, and looked around the party: only Reynolds was laughing, all the rest were grave. A thought seemed to strike the narrator. "What?" he cried, "it is not possible that this was, after all, Dr. Goldsmith's cousin, the Dean, regarding whom you interrogated me just now? If so, 'tis an extraordinary coincidence that I should have encountered him—unless—good Heavens, Gentlemen! is it the case that he came here when I had thrown him off?"

"Sir," cried Oliver, "I affirm that no relation of mine, Dean or no Dean, entered this room!"

"Then, Sir, you may look to find him at your chambers in Brick Court on your return," said Garrick. "Oh, yes,

Doctor!—a small man with the family bow of the Goldsmith's—something like this," he gave a comical reproduction of the salutation of the clergyman.

"I tell you, Sir, once and for all, that the man is no relation of mine," protested Goldsmith.

"And let that be the end of the matter," declared Johnson, with no lack of decisiveness in his voice.

"Oh, Sir, I assure you I have no desire to meet the gentleman again," laughed Garrick. "I got rid of him by a feint, just as he was endeavouring to force me to promise a production of a dramatic version of 'The Deserted Village'—he said he had the version at his lodgings, and meant to read it to his cousin—I ask your pardon, Sir, but he said 'cousin.'"

"Sir, let us have no more of this—cousin or no cousin," roared Johnson.

"That is my prayer, Sir—I utter it with all my heart and soul," said Garrick. "It was about my poet I meant to speak—my poet and his play. What think you of the South Seas and the visit of Lieutenant Cook as the subject of a tragedy in blank verse, Dr. Johnson?"

"I think, Davy, that the subject represents so magnificent a scheme of theatrical bankruptcy you would do well to hand it over to that scoundrel Foote," said Johnson pleasantly. He was by this time quite himself again, and ready to pronounce an opinion on any question with that finality which carried conviction with it—yes, to James Boswell.

For the next half-hour Garrick entertained his friends with the details of his interview with the poet who—according to his account—had designed the drama of "Otaheite" in order to afford Garrick an opportunity of playing the part of a Cannibal King, dressed mainly in feathers, and beating time alternately with a club and a tomahawk; while he delivered a series of blank verse soliloquies and apostrophes to Mars, Vulcan, and Diana.

"The monarch was especially devoted to Diana," said Garrick. "My poet explained that, being a hunter, he would naturally find it greatly to his advantage to say a good word now and again for the chaste goddess; and when I inquired how it was possible that his Majesty of Otaheite could know anything about Diana, he said the Romans and the South Sea Islanders were equally Pagans, and that, as such, they had equal rights in the Pagan mythology; it would be monstrously unjust to assume that the Romans should claim a monopoly of Diana."

Boswell interrupted him to express the opinion that the poet's contention was quite untenable, and Garrick said it was a great relief to his mind to have so eruditely a scholar as Boswell on his side in the argument, though he admitted that he thought there was a good deal in the poet's argument.

He adroitly led on his victim to enter into a serious argument on the question of the possibility of the Otaheitans having any definite notion of the character and responsibilities assigned to Diana in the Roman mythology; and after keeping the party in roars of laughter for half an hour, he delighted Boswell by assuring him that his eloquence and the force of his arguments had removed whatever misgivings he, Garrick, originally had, that he was doing the poet an injustice in declining his tragedy.

When the party were about to separate, Goldsmith drew Johnson apart—greatly to the pique of Boswell—and said—

"Dr. Johnson, I have a great favour to ask of you, Sir, and I hope you will see your way to grant it, though I do not deserve any favour from you."

"You deserve no favour, Goldy," said Johnson, laying his hand on the little man's shoulder, "and therefore, Sir, you make a man who grants you one so well satisfied with himself he should regard himself your debtor. Pray, Sir, make me your debtor by giving me a chance of granting you a favour."

"You say everything better than any living man, Sir," cried Goldsmith. "How long would it take me to compose so graceful a sentence, do you suppose? You are the man whom I most highly respect, Sir, and I am anxious to obtain your permission to dedicate to you the comedy which I have written and Mr. Colman is about to produce."

"Dr. Goldsmith," said Johnson, "we have been good friends for several years now."

"Long before Mr. Boswell came to town, Sir."

"Undoubtedly, Sir—long before you became recognised as the most melodious of our poets—the most diverting of our play-writers. I wrote the prologue to your first play, Goldy, and I'll stand sponsor for your second—nay, Sir, not only so, but I'll also go to see it, and if it be damned, I'll drink punch with you all night and talk of my tragedy of 'Irene,' which was also damned; there's my hand on it, Dr. Goldsmith."

Goldsmith pressed the great hand with both of his own, and tears were in his eyes and his voice as he said—

"Your generosity overpowers me, Sir."

own capability to extract from his great patron some account of the secrets which had been exchanged in the corner.

For once, however, he found himself unable to effect his object—nay, when he began his operations with his accustomed lightness of touch, Johnson turned upon him, saying—

"Sir, I observe what is your aim, and I take this opportunity to tell you that if you make any further references, direct or indirect, to man, woman, or child, to the occurrences of this evening, you will cease to be a friend of mine. I have been humiliated sufficiently by a stranger, who had every right to speak as he did, but I refuse to be humiliated by you, Sir."

Boswell expressed himself willing to give the amplest security for his good behaviour. He had great hope of conferring upon his patron a month of inconvenience in making a tour of the west coast of Scotland during the summer.

The others of the party went northward by one of the streets off the Strand into Coventry Street, and thence toward Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square, Burke walking in front with his arm through Goldsmith's, and Garrick some way behind with Reynolds. Goldsmith was very eloquent in his references to the magnanimity of Johnson, who, he said, in spite of the fact that he had been grossly insulted by an impostor calling himself his, Goldsmith's, cousin, had consented to receive the dedication of the new comedy. Burke, who understood the temperament of his countryman, felt that he himself might surpass in eloquence even Oliver Goldsmith if he took for his text the magnanimity of the author of "The Good-Natured Man." He, however, refrained from the attempt to prove to his companion that there were other ways by which a man could gain a reputation for generosity than by permitting the most distinguished writer of the age to dedicate a comedy to him.

Of the other couple Garrick was rattling away in the highest spirits, quite regardless of the position of Reynolds's ear-trumpet. Reynolds was as silent as Burke for a considerable time; but then, stopping at a corner so as to allow Goldsmith and his companion to get out of earshot, he laid his hand on Garrick's arm, laughing heartily as he said—

"You are a pretty rascal, David, to play such a trick upon your best friends. You are a pretty rascal, and a great genius, Davy—the greatest genius alive. There never has been such an actor as you, Davy, and there never will be another such."

"Sir," said Garrick, with an overdone expression of embarrassment upon his face, every gesture that he made corresponding. "Sir, I protest that you are speaking in parables. I admit the genius, if you insist upon it, but as for the rascality—well, it is possible, I suppose, to be both a great genius and a great rascal: there was our friend Benvenuto, for example, but—"

"Only a combination of genius and rascality could have hit upon such a device as that bow which you made, Davy," said Reynolds. "It presented before my eyes a long vista of Goldsmiths—all made in the same fashion as our friend on in front, and all striving—and not unsuccessfully, either—to maintain the family tradition of the Goldsmith bow. And then your imitation of your imitation of the same movement—how did we contain ourselves—Burke and I?"

"You fancy that Burke saw through the Dean also?" said Garrick.

"I'm convinced that he did."

"But he will not tell Johnson, I would fain hope."

"You are very anxious that Johnson should not know how it was he was tricked. But you do not mind how you pain a much more generous man."

"You mean Goldsmith? Faith, Sir, I do mind it greatly. If I were not certain that he would forthwith hasten to tell Johnson, I would go to him and confess all, asking his forgiveness. But he would tell Johnson and never forgive me, so I'll e'en hold my tongue."

"You will not lose a night's rest through brooding on Goldsmith's pain, David."

"It was an impulse of the moment that caused me to adopt that device, my friend. Johnson is past all argument, Sir. That sickening sycophant, Boswell, may find happiness in being insulted by him, but there are others who think that the Doctor has no more right than any ordinary man to offer an affront to those whom the rest of the world respects."

"He will allow no one but himself to attack you, Davy."

"And by my soul, Sir, I would rather that he allowed everyone else to attack me if he refrained from it himself. Where is the generosity of a man who, with the force and influence of a dozen men, will not allow a bad word to be said about you, but says himself more than the whole dozen could say in as many years? Sir, do the pheasants, which our friend Mr. Bunbury breeds so successfully, regard him as a pattern of generosity because he won't let a dozen of his farmers have a shot at them, but preserves them for his own unerring gun? By the Lord Harry, I would rather, if I were a pheasant, be shot at by the blunderbusses of a dozen yokels than by the fowling-piece of one good marksman, such as Bunbury. On the same principle, I have no particular liking to be preserved to make sport for the heavy broadsides that come from that literary three-decker, Johnson."

"I have sympathy with your contentions, David; but we all allow your old schoolmaster a license which would be permitted to no one else."

CHAPTER IV.

Boswell, who was standing to one side watching—his eyes full of curiosity and his ears strained to catch by chance a word—the little scene that was being enacted in a corner of the room, took good care that Johnson should be in his charge going home. This walk to Johnson's house necessitated a walk back to his own lodgings in Piccadilly; but this was nothing to Boswell, who had every confidence in his

"That license is not a game license, Sir Joshua; and so I have made up my mind that if he says anything more about the profession of an actor being a degrading one—about an actor being on the level with a fiddler—nay, one of the puppets of Panton Street—I will teach my old schoolmaster a more useful lesson than he ever taught to me. I think it is probable that he is at this very moment pondering upon those plain truths which were told to him by the Dean."

"And poor Goldsmith has been talking so incessantly and so earnestly to Burke, I am convinced that he feels greatly pained as well as puzzled by that inopportune visit of the clergyman who exhibited such striking characteristics of the Goldsmith family."

"Nay, did I not bear testimony in his favour—declaring that he had never alluded to a relation who was a Dean?"

"Oh, yes; you did your best to place us all at our ease, Sir. You were magnanimous, David—as magnanimous as the surgeon who cuts off an arm, plunges the stump into

very elegantly dressed, was shown out by the servant. He at once recognised Sir Joshua and then Garrick.

"Ah, my dear Sir Joshua," he cried, "I have to entreat your forgiveness for having taken the liberty of going into your painting-room in your absence."

"Your Lordship has every claim upon my consideration," said Sir Joshua. "I cannot doubt which of my poor efforts drew you thither."

"The fact is, Sir Joshua, I promised her Grace three days ago to see the picture, and as I think it likely that I shall meet her to-night, I made a point of coming hither. The Duchess of Argyll is not easily put aside when she commences to catechise a poor weak man, Sir."

"I cannot hope, my Lord, that the picture of Lady Betty commanded itself to your Lordship's eye," said Sir Joshua.

"The picture is a beauty, my dear Sir Joshua," said the young man, but with no great show of ardour. "It

effort, and Mr. Goldsmith's comedy has always been my favourite. I hear that you are at present engaged upon another, Dr. Goldsmith. That is good news, Sir. Oh, 'twere a great pity if so distinguished a party missed the sport which is on foot to-night! Let me invite you all to the Pantheon—here are tickets to the show. You will give me a box at your theatre, Garrick, in exchange, on the night when Mr. Goldsmith's new play is produced."

"Alas, my Lord," said Garrick, "that privilege will be in the hands of Mr. Colman."

"What, at t'other house? Mr. Garrick, I'm ashamed of you. Nevertheless, you will come to the comedy at the Pantheon to-night. I must hasten to act my part. But we shall meet there, I trust."

He bowed with his hat in his hand to the group, and hastened away with an air of mystery.

"What does he mean?" asked Reynolds.

"That is what I have been asking myself," replied



"You are a pretty rascal, David, to play such a trick upon your best friends."

boiling pitch, and then gives the patient a grain or two of opium to make him sleep. But I should not say a word: I have seen you in your best part, Mr. Garrick, and I can give the heartiest commendation to your powers as a comedian, while condemning with equal force the immorality of the whole proceeding."

They had now arrived at Reynolds's house in Leicester Square, Goldsmith and Burke—the former still talking eagerly—having waited for them to come up.

"Gentlemen," said Reynolds, "you have all gone out of your accustomed way to leave me at my own door. I insist on your entering to have some refreshment. Mr. Burke, you will not refuse to enter and pronounce an opinion as to the portrait at which I am engaged of the charming Lady Betty Hamilton."

"O matre pulera filia pulchrior," said Goldsmith, but there was not much aptness in the quotation, the mother of Lady Betty having been the loveliest of the Sisters Gunning, who had married first the Duke of Hamilton and, later, the Duke of Argyll.

Before they had rung the bell the hall door was opened by Sir Joshua's servant Ralph, and a young man,

pleases me greatly. Your macaw is also a beauty. A capital notion of painting a macaw on a pedestal by the side of the lady, is it not, Mr. Garrick—two birds with one stone, you know?"

"True, Sir," said Garrick. "Lady Betty is a Bird of Paradise."

"That's as neatly said as if it were part of a play," said the young man. "Talking of plays, there is going to be a pretty comedy enacted at the Pantheon to-night."

"Is it not a mask?" said Garrick.

"Nay, finer sport even than that," laughed the youth. "We are going to do more for the drama in an hour, Mr. Garrick, than you have done in twenty years, Sir."

"At the Pantheon, Lord Stanley?" inquired Garrick.

"Come to the Pantheon and you shall see all that there is to be seen," cried Lord Stanley. "Who are your friends? Have I had the honour to be acquainted with them?"

"Your Lordship must have met Mr. Burke and Dr. Goldsmith," said Garrick.

"I have often longed for that privilege," said Lord Stanley, bowing in reply to the salutation of the others.

"Mr. Burke's speech on the Marriage Bill was a fine

Garrick. "By Heavens, I have it!" he cried after a pause of a few moments. "I have heard rumours of what some of our young bloods swore to do, since the managers of the Pantheon, in an outburst of virtuous indignation at the orgies of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, issued their sheet of regulations prohibiting the entrance of actresses to their rotunda. Lord Conway, I heard, was the leader of the scheme, and it seems that this young Stanley is also one of the plot. Let us hasten to witness the sport. I would not miss being present for the world."

"I am not so eager," said Sir Joshua. "I have my work to engage me early in the morning, and I have lost all interest in such follies as seem to be on foot."

"I have not, thank Heaven!" cried Garrick; "nor has Dr. Goldsmith, I'll swear. As for Burke—well, being a member of Parliament, he is a seasoned rascal; and so good-night to you, good Mr. President."

"We need a frolic," cried Goldsmith. "God knows we had a dull enough dinner at the Crown and Anchor."

"An Irishman and a frolic are like—well, let us say like Lady Betty and your macaw, Sir Joshua," said Burke. "They go together very naturally."

(To be continued.)

FROM A SCOTTISH WORKSHOP.

BY ANDREW LANG.

That Englishmen are born with tails the French and Scots for long firmly believed. The obvious English answer was, "Gentlemen, you have never seen our backs!" Mr. George Neilson, a member of the Glasgow Archaeological Society, has chivalrously taken up the cudgels for England, and criticised the origin of the old reproach in "Caudatus Anglieus" (G. P. Johnson, Edinburgh).

The story began with a fable or fact about St. Augustine, the Evangelist of England (597). About 1143 William of Malmesbury writes that in Dorset the natives mocked the saint and fixed the tails of rays to his vestments. Nothing about tailed Englishmen. William loved a ghost story: an early form of the Tyrone ghost and the burnt wrist comes in William. But he does not say that Englishmen have tails: it was "more than his place was worth." About 1155, Wace, in his "Brut," tells the Augustino story, and adds, "All they who did him shame were tailed, and had tails," and handed on these appendages to their offspring, a fact interesting to Dr. Weissmann. In 1205, Layamon, in English, avers "the whole race was disgraced, for *muggles* (tails) they had, and in all companies men called them *mugglings*"—hence Muggleton, and Muggletonians, perhaps! Layamon adds that this disgrace is brought up against Englishmen "in uncouth London," in foreign parts.

In the Crusades, by 1190, the very Greeks regarded Richard Lionheart and his men as tailed, *caudati*. The Emperor of Cyprus, in the romance, exclaims—

Now go and say to your tayled king
That I owe him noe thing.

On Richard's return through Germany he is called "taylard." In 1217 it is said of the Dauphin—

Bella non timet An-
glorum,
Quia fregit caudas
illorum.

Even now, when wickets are falling fast, we say "the bowlers have got their tails up." The Dauphin, however,

did not really get the English tails down. But in 1217 we find, or, rather, Mr. Neilson does, the first Scottish use of this fine old joke against the English. The jape brought bad luck. When Edward I. attacked Dunbar, in 1290, the Scotch garrison shouted "Tails!" but soon turned their own. In 1300, or earlier, an Italian poet says that English tails are quite short and stumpy. Hence, perhaps, the lines—

We'll fright the fuds
Of the Pock-puds,

or pock-puddings, quoted on a certain occasion by Sir Walter Scott.

Criticism will keep breaking in. The teacher of Knox, John Major, is laughed at as a schoolman of the old sort by Rabelais. But even Major was critical enough to doubt whether Englishmen really have tails; he had been at

Cambridge, and may have seen men bathing. In 1566, at the christening of James VI., Queen Mary's servant, Bastian (at whose wedding she danced later, while Darnley was blown up), arranged a masque of tailed satyrs. This unmannerly jest was resented by the English present. One Hatton wished to dirk Bastian, by way of repartee.

One authority Mr. Neilson omits, and I do not wonder at it. About 1610 Jean Hordal, a descendant in the female line of the brother of Jeanne d'Arc, wrote many letters to his kinsmen about their genealogy. In one he speaks of the English as notoriously "tailed," and adds that they are, no less notoriously, the lineal descendants of Judas

was, instinctively, *un raffiné*, a virtuoso, a collector, a dealer in the bric-à-brac of history. He must also be a novelist and a dramatist, and an amateur of "a chiselled style," and a new kind of "naturalist" or "realist." All this is, naturally, most superior, but it is not popular. The other contemporary novelists of M. de Goncourt's circle; as M. Zola and M. Daudet, were novelists first of all, story-tellers, not virtuosi. Their books sell in gigantic pyramids—M. de Goncourt's and his brother's books never did, and never will. Therefore he was discontented, despising the public, and yet of all things desiring their suffrages and francs.

Superior writers, like Landor and Southey, always despise the public which treats them with indifference. Very few men in the history of letters have been both superior and popular. Mr. Stevenson nearly succeeded, but he never was popular as many living writers, not at all superior, have been and continue to be. Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, Fielding managed to be popular—really popular—in their lifetime, and classic afterwards; Milton became classical, but never was popular. One living author who is popular seems as anxious to be recognised by criticism for a superior person as M. de Goncourt; a superior person, was anxious to have a large sale. Shrill protests are uttered continually to no avail. The popular verdict is incalculable, inscrutable; perhaps that of criticism is hardly more easy to anticipate and explain. But any critical approval worth reckoning is usually at the opposite pole from the good opinion of the railway bookstalls. It is foolish and useless for the superior writer to lament his lack of popularity, and for the popular writer to keep shrieking that he deserves the applause of criticism. Thus mortals disquiet themselves in vain.

At a railway bookstall—not one of Messrs. Smith's—the voyager sees neatly printed verdicts (printed with pen and ink), laid on certain books. Thus—

"MARY'S MANTILLA."
"A work of extraordinary Interest. Combines Adventure with Analysis."

A traveller, beguiled by this advertisement, bought a copy of "Mary's Mantilla." It was utter trash. When next he passed that way he grumbled to the clerk of the bookstall.

"Where did you take that notice of 'Mary's Mantilla' from?" he asked, pointing to the placard.

"Oh! one of our boys amuses himself by writing them," said the clerk. I wish I knew that boy. Disinclined, usually, to "nibble the Press" (if that Palladium could be nibbled), I think a sovereign would be well laid out on that promising lad. Indeed, I think the bookstall boys are the real critics who lead the purchasing public. They force certain books on travellers, as conjurers force a card. One would like to travel slowly through England entertaining the boys with beef-steaks and beer. "Chicken and champagne" are nothing to it.



THE TURKISH CRISIS: THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT CONSTANTINOPLE TWO DAYS AFTER THE FIRST RUSH OF ARMENIANS FOR PROTECTION.

Iscariot. Thus the English may, if they please, boast of their "Anglo-Israel" origin—

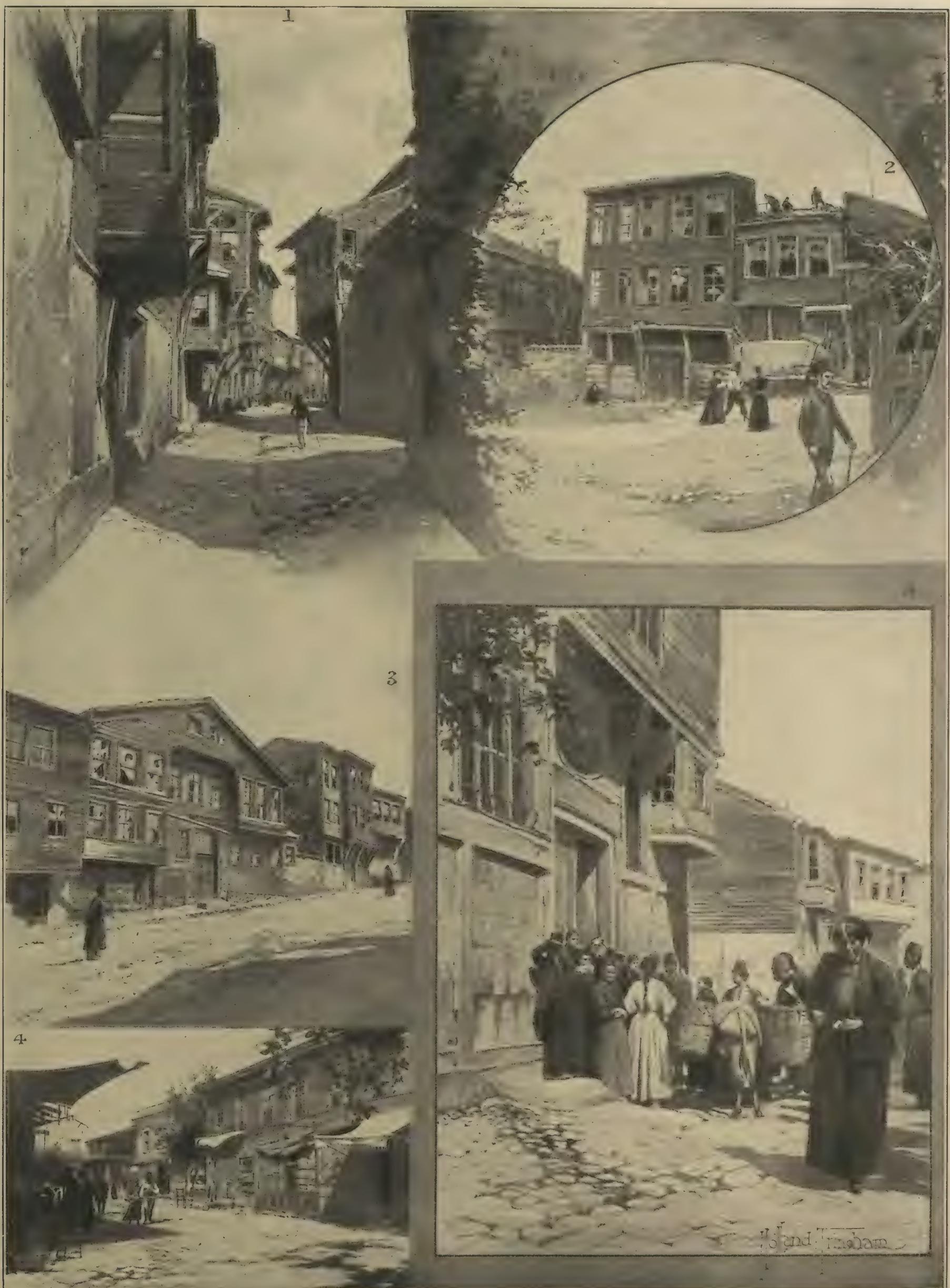
I would never be so rude as
Ask how many come from Judas,

says one of their own poets. The story dies out in Scotch satire of the seventeenth century, but it has furnished Mr. Neilson with an agreeable little topic; much that he says has not been discussed in this place.

The late M. Edmond de Goncourt seems to have been an embittered character. Mr. Sherrard's account of him in the *Bookman* leaves not very much to be said against him. Mr. Sherrard wonders why he was embittered. Was he not called "The Master"; was not a great dinner given in his honour? Did not French men of letters look up to him with pious respect? The truth, I fancy, is that M. de Goncourt wanted to be both superior and popular. He

T H E T U R K I S H C R I S I S.

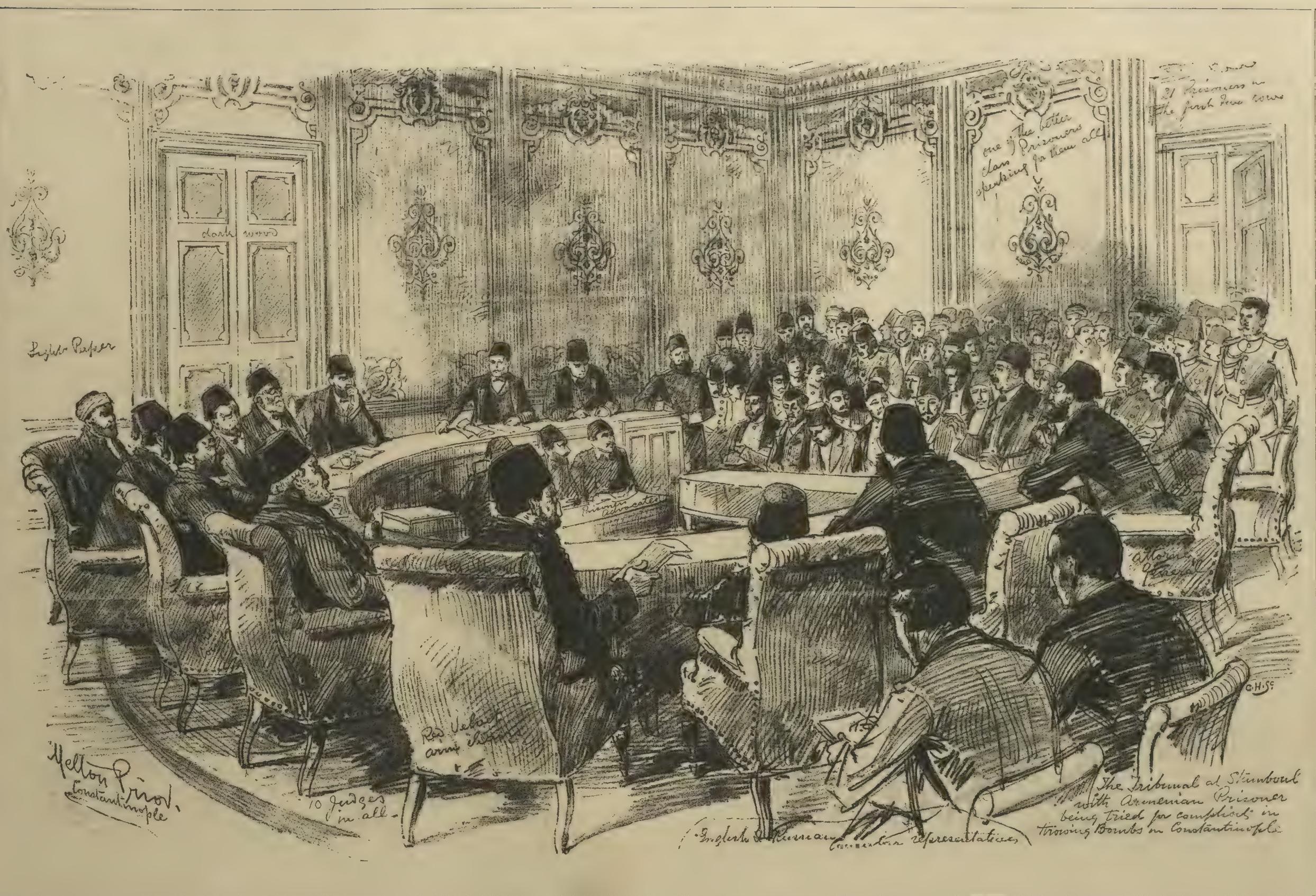
From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.



1. The Main Street, the Chief Scene of Massacre.
2, 3. Armenian Houses after the Visit of the Mob.

4. Armenian Shops Closed after having been Pillaged.
5. Distribution of Bread to the Women and Children whose Male Relations were Massacred.

SCENES IN HALIDIYOGLOU, HASKENY QUARTER, CONSTANTINOPLE.



THE TURKISH CRISIS: THE TRIBUNAL AT STAMBOUL.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Alexander the Second's visit to Paris in 1867 marked the apogee of the Second Empire, just as the stay in the French capital of his uncle (Alexander I.) marked the fall of the First Empire; for the Hundred Days was only the galvanic contortion of a moribund body. I have no mission to inquire here into the political significance to the Third Republic of Nicholas the Second's visit, which has not begun as I write, and which will have come to a close when my writing appears in print. I may, however, be permitted to give my recollections of the present Czar's grandfather and his hosts. It is not altogether a pleasant task, for I cannot help remembering that more than twenty-nine years have gone by since then, and that the lapse of time is fraught with sad recollections.

The Second Empire was by no means perfect in its régime; Napoleon III. stood isolated among the Sovereigns of Europe, for those who tried to "read ahead" were far from counting on even the gratitude of Italy for the services rendered to her by France. At that particular moment the Roman Question imposed itself with almost as great a force as the Eastern Question does to-day; the Mexican expedition had come to an inglorious crash, although Maximilian was still alive, but the absence of news in the early days of June—which subsequently turned out to be the wholesale suppression of it—was not regarded as synonymous with good news.

Nevertheless Paris had been *en fête* for some weeks when the imperial train, carrying the Czar of all the Russias, his heir, and his son Vladimir, and their respective suites, steamed into the Northern Railway Station about five in the afternoon of June 1. The late Baron James de Rothschild had given my relatives two tickets for the stand



THE TURKISH CRISIS: THE POLICE FINDING BOMBS IN SCUTARI.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE TURKISH CRISIS: HOUSE WHERE THE MAKERS OF EXPLOSIVES LIVED, AT ATAHR KARABET, SCUTARI.
Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

on the arrival platform. I witnessed the whole of the scene; the recollection of every particular is as vivid as if it had happened yesterday. The Emperor was there, by his side stood General Fleury, the man who had practically secured the co-operation of the whole of the Paris garrison on Dec. 2, 1851. A little behind the sovereign stood General Baron de Béville, the man who had superintended the printing of the presidential decrees for the dissolution of the Chamber during the night of December 1-2.

The whole fabric of the Second Empire was probably as rotten then as it proved to be afterwards, but the demeanour of him who stood at its head was unimpeachable. Unlike the Third Republic, the Second Empire did not profess to hold pomp and circumstance in disdain at ordinary times. The Second Empire was lavish and spendthrift, like the grand seigneur who presided over its destinies; it was not like a sloven who had to run to the draper's to buy herself a new gown when a guest of more than usual importance was expected. We have heard a good deal within the last fortnight or so of the rehearsals that have been held with carriage-horses amidst firing of cannon and braying of military bands. There was no need for this then. Although Alexander II. brought with him his own saddle-horses, those of his sons and of the suites, the Emperor had placed eleven carriage-horses at his disposal besides a magnificent animal, swift like the wind, for the messenger running between the Tuilleries and the Elysée Bourbon, where the Russian guests had taken up their quarters and which was entirely redecorated and refurnished for the occasion.

And notwithstanding the temporary absence of these eleven splendid animals, there were still three hundred and fifty left in the imperial stables at the Court Caulaincourt. Louis Napoleon was a splendid horseman, with a thorough love for horses, and an incident that had



THE TURKISH CRISIS: IRON AND BRASS FOUNDRY WHERE BOMBS WERE MANUFACTURED.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT SHREWSBURY.

The Church Congress has become an institution of quite respectable antiquity. There was a time when it would be alleged as a reason for holding it here or there that the Congress had not hitherto met in that part of the country. But now the Congress has been assembled at Shrewsbury, in the diocese of Lichfield, a diocese which it honoured in

of the Irish Church against Disendowment, the Congress crossed the sea to Dublin.

In going to Shrewsbury the Congress showed a regard rather for ecclesiastical associations than for immediate social influence. There is no great artisan population to which a series of working men's meetings could appeal as

them. In the place, however, of the attractions which such meeting-places as Birmingham, Sheffield, Stoke, and Wolverhampton have had to offer, Shrewsbury has had to rely upon ancient associations and picturesque surroundings. In these it abounds.

The ancient settlement in a horse-shoe bend of the



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE RIGHT REV. SIR LOVELACE T. STAMER, BART., D.D.,
BISHOP OF SHREWSBURY.

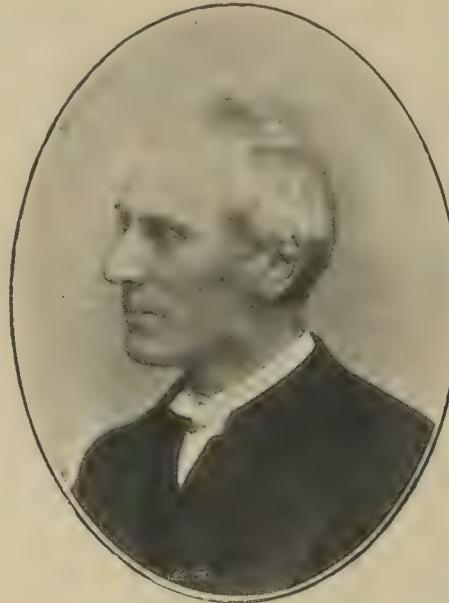


Photo Speight, Rugby.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN PERCIVAL, LL.D.,
BISHOP OF HEREFORD.



Photo Heslop and Woods, Leeds.

THE RIGHT REV. E. S. TALBOT, D.D.,
BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE VERY REV. C. W. STUBBS, D.D.,
DEAN OF ELY.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE RIGHT REV. THE HON. AUGUSTUS LEGGE, D.D.,
BISHOP OF LICHFIELD; PRESIDENT OF THE CONGRESS.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE VERY REV. THE HON. J. W. LEIGH,
DEAN OF HEREFORD.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE REV. H. C. BARKER,
CANON OF DURHAM.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE VEN. W. M. SINCLAIR, D.D.,
ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

VISCOUNT HALIFAX.

1867 (at Wolverhampton), in 1875 (at Stoke), in 1882 (at Derby), and in 1887 (again at Wolverhampton). Born at Cambridge, and meeting next at Oxford, it has since displayed a great leaning towards centres of population. It has been to Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Nottingham, Swansea, Newcastle, and Plymouth. It has visited North and South Wales, and, amidst the struggle

they have at places like Birmingham. Thus the Congress lost what is always to many Congress-goers one of the most interesting and impressive of its features. But the authorities thoughtfully arranged that the working men of the town should not be forgotten. In the place of special meetings for their delectation they were provided with tickets for some of the sermons likely most to interest

Severn, amid what was then a wooded country, was called by the Britons "Pengwern" (the Knoll of Alders), and by the Saxons "Scrobb-Bryg" (the Settlement among the Shrubs). From the days when this Pengwern was the capital of the Kings of Powis, until comparatively modern times it has been a place of no mean importance. Reminders of its antiquity surround the

THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT SHREWSBURY.

visitor. The four old churches of the town carry him well back to the Saxon times. The Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, like the castle, recalls that kinsman whom William the Conqueror made Earl of Shrewsbury. After this, that famous battle in which Falstaff fought a whole hour by Shrewsbury clock, the stirring times of the Wars of the Roses, and the foundation by Edward VI. of the school which had Sir Philip Sidney among its earlier pupils, are quite modern events. The school, by the way, is now housed in very modern buildings, its former home being occupied by a free library and museum. But some of the comparatively modern characteristics of Shrewsbury are among the most picturesque of its features. The town is remarkable, indeed, for the number and beauty of the dwellings in the old half-timber style. Nothing, for example, could be more picturesque than what is known as the Council House Gateway, or the dwellings into which the Council House buildings, originally erected in 1501, have been converted. Or the visitor, following the course of the river, will not only find some peculiarly interesting houses near the Welsh Bridge, but also will obtain in one place a striking view of Shrewsbury School and a no less charming bit which takes in the English Bridge. But Shrewsbury is crammed with things of interest to the archaeologist. Its churches, such survivals as the curious stone pulpit, the remains of its walls, and the history of its guilds all repay attention.

But our business is with the Congress itself. By Monday night a large proportion of its members had already arrived, and were giving themselves to extra-Congress meetings with the zeal so characteristic of the early arrivals. The actual proceedings of the Congress began on Tuesday morning, when at ten o'clock the Mayor officially welcomed the Congress at the Guildhall. Alderman How, who is an *alumnus* of Winchester and of New



Photo Gillman, Oxford

MR. W. MAYNARD HOW,
MAYOR OF SHREWSBURY.

address. The Bishop of Lichfield, whose judicious rule as the Vicar of Lewisham will not soon be forgotten, proved himself an admirable President, and his Congress address will not be numbered among the

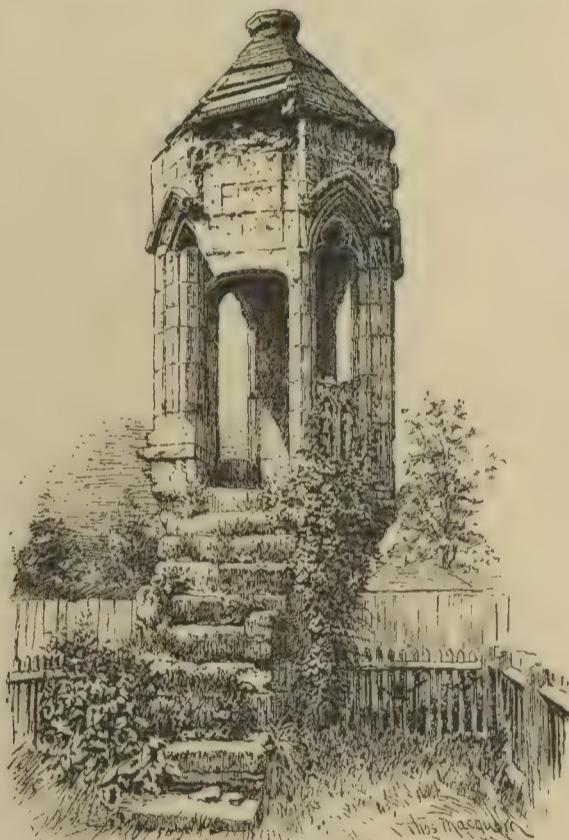
Idea of a National Church," two prelates, the Bishop of Peterborough (who is steadily gathering the attention of Churchmen to himself) and the Bishop of Southwell, are amongst the most familiar of Congress speakers. In the evening the Temperance people were enthusiastic in the Congress Hall, whilst a sectional meeting discussed Home Missions. There was also a Young Women's Meeting, the platform of which curiously illustrated the changed views of Church people towards women speakers, for the President was the Hon. Mrs. A. Legge, wife of the Bishop of Lichfield, and the meeting was also addressed by Mrs. Maclagan, wife of the Archbishop of York, and Lady Laura Ridding, wife of the Bishop of Southwell. Another Bishop's wife, Mrs. Creighton, was also one of the women speakers at the Congress. Wednesday was the most interesting day of the whole gathering. In the morning the Relation of Evolution to Christian Doctrine was discussed by a strong platform under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Hereford (Dr. Percival). At the sectional meeting, Church Reform resuscitated the Benefices Bill, and disclosed some differences of opinion between those valiant Church defenders, Chancellor Dibdin and Mr. Griffith Boscowen, M.P. The discussion of Church Reform was continued under other aspects in the afternoon and evening, the Law of Divorce—upon which Lord Halifax, Canon Barker, and others spoke—touching very deeply the feelings of the Congress. The features of Thursday were the two gatherings for the discussion of Foreign Mission Work, together with the debate on the Duty of the Church to Industrial Problems, in which that ardent socialist, the Dean of Ely, was conspicuous. The Congress always thins rapidly after the Devotional meeting on Friday morning, but this year some interest was drawn out by two short meetings held in the afternoon. At one of these the Bishop of Hereford, Mr. Athelstan Riley, and others spoke on the impoverishment of the clergy:



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

LADY LAURA RIDDING.

College, is a son and grandson of previous Mayors, and is also a nephew of the Bishop of Wakefield. This function over, members attending it went off to one or other of the churches at which Congress sermons were preached. Their choice lay between hearing the Archbishop of York at St. Chad's, the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Talbot) at the Abbey Church, and that robust Colonial prelate, the Bishop of Ballarat, at St. Mary's. A hasty lunch, and it was time to seek the Congress Hall for the President's

ANCIENT STONE PULPIT ON THE SITE FORMERLY OCCUPIED
BY THE ABBEY REFECTIONY.

least interesting of these rather difficult pronouncements. The address over, the Congress at once took up a part of the subject which has been the distinguishing feature of its programme. Of those who spoke on "The



Photo Russell, Baker Street.

MRS. CREIGHTON.

while at the other Archdeacon Sinclair lent the solemnity of his presence to the discussion of curates' grievances. On the evening of the same day concluding sermons were preached at the three churches, and so the Congress ended.

The Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition was, as at so many previous gatherings, an interesting resort throughout the week, the loan exhibits being this year of more than usual interest.



THE ENGLISH BRIDGE,



THE COUNCIL HOUSE, VIEWED FROM THE SEVERN.

RESOLUTION.

EMPEROR OF INDIA.

MAGNIFICENT.

PLATE.
Leading lee line of Cruisers.

HEMMION. FRENCH FLEET ON HORIZON SALUTING.



REVULSE.

TOTAL SOVEREIGN.

MAJESTIC (DRAUGHS).

Leading weather line of Ironclads.

STANDARD.

Russian Royal Yacht.

LIGHTNING.

Leading weather line of Destroyers.

POLAR STAR.

With Emperor on Board.

SPEEDY.

FRENCH FLEET IN FAR DISTANCE SALUTING.

HELLONA

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA'S VISIT TO FRANCE: THE CZAR'S YACHTS, ESCORTED BY ENGLISH WAR-SHIPS, MEETING THE FRENCH FLEET IN MID-CHANNEL.

From Sketches by Fleet Registerer Toebyne, of H.M.S. "Majestic," and by Officers of H.M. Torpedo-boat Destroyer "Lightning."

THE SUPPLY OF LONDON COAL
BY WATER.

In that famous Third Chapter, which itself now stands as a far milestone upon the road of progress along which we have since passed, Macaulay records that the consumption of coal in London in the latter half of the seventeenth century seemed to the writers of that age enormous, and was often mentioned by them as a proof of the greatness of the imperial city. "They scarcely hoped to be believed when they affirmed that two hundred and eighty thousand chaldrons—that is to say, about three hundred and fifty thousand tons—were in the last year of the reign of Charles II. brought to the Thames. At present," he proudly adds, writing in the year 1847, "three million and a half of tons are required yearly by the Metropolis." And at present, let it be stated with an equal bulk of somewhat futile pride, no less than about sixteen million tons of coal are brought annually to London. It will naturally be seen that, the greater the amount imported into "the imperial city," the more complex becomes the problem of carrying so huge a bulk of material to its final resting-place. Roughly speaking,

with the railway traffic, and that they might also relieve the internal expenditure of so many separate bodies by a large and material annual sum of money. Amalgamation, therefore, was clearly the true policy, and amalgamation has therefore been arranged in such fashion that after the date of Nov. 1 all these companies will trade together under the style and title of Messrs. William Cory and Son, Limited.

The internal economies already mentioned will, of course, involve the new handling of the entire trade through one central office. Here ensues an enormous reduction of expenditure; and by the combination which will utilise all the Derricks for a common interest and by the laws of a common endeavour. Anyhow, take the thing all in all, it is calculated that a material saving will be made to the combined companies upon every ton brought up yearly to the Metropolis. If the ambitions of the new company prove true and successful, and if the railway traffic be held in check by its economical advantages, there is no assurance as to what might ensue. At present it is clear that this combination in no way resembles a "coal ring."

Tilbury Docks Messrs. J. and C. Harrison have their incomparable plant for discharging colliers, while at Erith, Beadle's coal-wharves extend about three-quarters of a mile, and are connected with about seven miles of sidings for the supply of the South-Eastern Railway system.

It will thus be perceived that the whole of the river facilities for the handling of coal lies between the fingers of the various companies that have banded together, not, indeed, as philanthropists, but for the ulterior benefit of the public no less certainly than their own. They possess, moreover, twenty-five steam-tugs, 1250 barges, a fleet of thirty-one colliers, and many thousand railway-trucks, the latter of which are used for the transporting of coal from the landing-wharves to such localities in the South of England as lie too far inland to be served from the coast. A service of sea-lighters, which have already been in use by Messrs. Cory and Son for the space of two years, will also be considerably augmented, and it is unnecessary to add that they will play a most important part in the developments that are to be confidently looked for. The history of these



THE COAL TRAFFIC IN THE THAMES: WILLIAM CORY AND SON'S DERRICKS AT WORK.

Drawn by Charles Wyllie.

about half of this immense quantity is carried up by rail, and about half by sea. It is with this last division of the subject, and the developments which have just now been suggested and carried out in connection with it, that we have to deal at present.

Of the eight millions of tons, then, which come up to London yearly by water, about two millions are conveyed by the gas companies through their own steamers, and of the remainder over five millions find their way to town through the agency of certain firms, hitherto distinguished separately by the names of Messrs. William Cory and Son, Lambert Brothers, D. Radford and Co., Beadle Brothers, J. and C. Harrison, Green, Holland and Sons, Mann, George and Co., and G. J. Cockerell and Co. Hitherto, as is also natural, each of these distinct firms has had its own plant, its own methods, and its own principle in working the competition of one against another. The necessary fluctuations in price, and the retardation of any assured possibility of fighting the land traffic of coal with even moderate success, were the natural outcome of such a condition of things. It should seem, therefore, not unlike the inevitable consequence of an economic law that some kind of combination should eventually be formed between the various firms interested in the shipping of coal to London by water, that they might the better enter into competition

Not the least interesting division of the equipment with which the new combination sets out upon its amazing task is the extraordinary conquest which it has made over the difficulties that necessarily attend the mere manipulation of the coal, its loading and unloading, that is—the victory, in a word, over the malignity of matter. Recently a large party of journalists were afforded an opportunity of inspecting the facilities afforded for the rapid discharging of steam-colliers and the barging of coal, and visits were paid to the Derricks moored near the Victoria Dock entrance, the Albert Docks, the Tilbury Docks, Gravesend and Erith, and to the extensive barge-building works of William Cory and Son, at Charlton. The works at Charlton afforded a particularly interesting object-lesson in the new quick discharging Derrick-system of which Messrs. Cory are the originators. The upper Derrick, which is a reasonable example of the discharging-berths, is fitted with ten hydraulic cranes of three various types, the swinging crane, the over-side crane, and the luffing crane. By this means four colliers can be worked simultaneously, and no less a quantity than 5000 tons can be loaded into the barges in the space of twelve hours. Each bucket of coal is weighed as hoisted at the moment of rest before tipping. At the entrance to the Albert Docks Messrs. Lambert have their splendidly equipped jetty; at the

vessels has been associated with a good deal of controversy. When they were first put forward as practical improvements, the Sailors' Union took considerable exception to them, chiefly on the grounds that they were perilous to human life. However that may be, this much is certain—that they have stood a two years' test between the Humber and the Thames, and that not one life has yet been lost upon them. Moreover, they are exceedingly popular amongst the men—an infallible demonstration of their safety. The usual practice is to arrange towing-gear between two of these vessels attached to a steam-collier, which itself carries a cargo of coal. If the weather happens to grow too rough, the lighters can easily be cast off the collier, when their qualities as excellent sea-boats practically ensure their security. But their best characteristic is their capability of carrying their cargo to places inaccessible to the ordinary steam-collier. The early-built vessels of this kind carry only 350 tons each, but in the augmented service they will have a much larger capacity. Of this service the *Snark* is the first, and is capable of carrying 1000 tons of coal. With the appliances above mentioned, fifteen steam-colliers, each carrying 1500 to 2000 tons, can be discharged every twelve hours. It is under such auspices, and with eager expectations founded upon them, that this gigantic enterprise sets its foot afar upon river and upon sea.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have been spending an afternoon in the "Zoo," a little outing to which I have not treated myself for many a long day. It is only ventilating a trite truism to remark that amid the manifold and multitudinous sights of London

series of popular lectures to be given continually, so that, say twice a day, at least, visitors to the Gardens might have the opportunity of listening to an exposition of some branch of natural history such as can be illustrated before their eyes. Why not have a half-hour's lecture on, say, elephants, and another half-hour's discourse on seals and sea-lions? Why not tell people the history of some of the more curious inhabitants of the insectarium? Why not give a little sketch lecture on the lions and tigers, or on the rhinoceros? And then there are the birds to be talked about, and I can imagine nothing which can be made more interesting than a half-hour's talk about the tortoises. I would have each lecture illustrated by photographs shown by aid of the limelight. The discourses should be practical in tone. People should be told simply what they may see for themselves. This is the true method of science-education for the people. They are all anxious to know; therefore, I say, give them a chance and show them what to observe. A scheme of this kind properly carried out would be productive of great good, and would elevate the Gardens above the rank of a mere menagerie; although I do not forget that, even in the old days of Wombwell's Wild Beast Show, we used to hear a gentleman in a shabby fur-collared coat (a characteristic garment of the circus and the menagerie) describe the contents of the caravans.

Of course the first essential of all such lectures as those I advocate is that they should be pithy and popular. There would be no hankering after scientific terms and theories. Each discourse would be a little talk on one group of animals, pointing out its peculiarities, its distinctions, and other salient points. If I mistake not Sir W. Flower has arranged some such courses of popular instruction in connection

with the magnificent collection of dead things over which he presides in the Cromwell Road. Will Dr. Sclater not go and do like wise?

Christmas lectures at the

Royal Institution are popular among the boys. Lectures at the "Zoo," properly organised and popularly delivered, should equal in attractiveness and interest the far-famed courses in Albemarle Street. Even though the experiments of the latter place might be wanting in the "Zoo," there would be a constant desire to "let us go and see what the lecturer has just told us."

It may be a little late in the day to make any remark on the British Association meeting, but I cannot avoid expressing a word of appreciation of the masterly Presidential address delivered by Sir Joseph Lister. The address teemed with good things in the way of scientific exposition. I can remember no discourse which excelled that of Sir Joseph Lister, for its admirable account of recent advances in that side of science more especially connected with the healing art itself.

It is said that the recent Papal Bull against the Anglican Orders does not represent the most learned opinion at the Vatican. That was in favour of admitting the validity of the Orders, but was overruled in deference to the assurance of Cardinal Vaughan that such a pronouncement would check the proselytism of the Catholic Church in England. Such is the story which is now agitating Anglican circles.

The new Vicar of St. Mary's, Kilburn, the Rev. W. H. Stone, M.A., is one of the ablest of the younger clergy of London. The fact that he has been presented to the living by the Church Patronage Trustees is ample evidence of his Evangelical Churchmanship, and he has behind him a record of five years' work as Vicar of St. James's, Hatcham, sufficient to mark him out as an excellent and devoted parish worker. His preaching powers are also considerable. He has had many previous offers of preferment, but he has hitherto turned a deaf ear to them, in order that he might strengthen and consolidate the work at Hatcham, to which he was much attached. Indeed, it was the crying need of South London, to which attention was drawn some years ago, that first attracted him to the locality, and there is no manner of doubt that he has done a good, solid work there. Mr. Stone is a graduate of Cambridge, and he also had the advantage of residence at Ridley Hall, where he was much influenced by Dr. Moule.

TWO BABY PRINCES.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" once asked a visitor to Windsor Castle upon a momentous, indeed an historic, occasion. "Sir," was the reply of a gigantic footman, "*it's a Prince!*" And in his own way the man was an unconscious philosopher. For, in some respects at least, Prince-lings are not quite as other infants. In the first place, they are even more irresistibly magnetic centres of attraction than the tiny boys or girls born in less exalted circles. Even Miss Kilmansegg herself could not boast the intense power of rivetting attention possessed by royal babies, and there is, moreover, something over and above a mere sentimental reason for this wide, indeed universal, interest in children such as Prince Edward of York and Prince Carol of Roumania, whose portraits we have the pleasure of giving. Over both these baby brows one seems to see hovering the shadow of a crown. Even in their earliest days, while they themselves are happily unconscious of all but the sunshiny happiness which is the royal prerogative of all childhood, whether born in the splendour of purple or in poverty and obscurity, others see in them potential future rulers of men; and, pathetic as it is, intrigue and ambition, the wiles and policies of the great world, often gather round even the cradle of an infant Prince. In regard to little Prince Edward of York, however, and of the little Roumanian Prince, only the sunnier aspect of the situation need be considered, for only the bright side presents itself to all English folk. Great-grandson of our revered Queen, grandson of the most popular Prince of Wales in history, son of the Duke of York and his charming Duchess, who have already won the affection and regard of the people over whom they may one day rule, Prince Edward is the centre of a thousand hopes and of a nation's loving goodwill. A bright and beautiful child, he promises in good time to become himself "the expectancy and rose of this fair State," and millions of loyal subjects of the Queen, in all parts of the world, are watching sympathetically as the little Prince grows "in wisdom and stature," and draws nearer day by day to the fulfilment of the high destiny which may lie before him. Of the other baby Prince, too—the little Prince Carol



Photo Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

there are few which equal the "Zoo" in interest. To the children, of course, it is the realisation of their zoological dreams, and bairns are always peopling their little world with creatures, real and mythical alike. To see the real elephant and the real tiger and lion is something for a child to look forward to and to remember. Even if a diet of nuts is not an apt food for, say, the Polar bear, our little friends (who will regard nuts as adapted for every kind of animal digestion alike) are not a bit less sensible than the hysterical ladies who sent the dear departed Jumbo a few dozen of oysters as a token of their deep and lasting respect for that elephantine monarch on the famous occasion of his leaving these shores for the New World. Talking of feeding the animals, it is, in truth, surprising what people will do in this way, contrary to the rules of the establishment which stare them in the face. In the place wherein three pretty chimpanzees and the active long-armed gibbons are housed, I saw several ladies enticing the animals in the direction of sweet-cakes and buns. Over and over again the voice of the attendant was heard in the land, requesting people "not to feed the animals," and but for his watchful care, I doubt not the chimpanzees would soon perish of dyspepsia or worse.

Foolish people do not realise what a chimpanzee costs, and how delicate these anthropoids are to rear. I also saw and felt amazed to notice certain persons, ostensibly educated and presumably humane, teasing and tormenting various animals by poking sticks at them and so forth; but when a giddy servant girl, who had been distinguishing herself in the monkey-house by irritating a poor little capuchin, had her best feather neatly snatched out of her hat by a clever macaque overhead, I was glad to note there were many remarks of the "serve-her-right" order. The thought which was paramount with me on my visit to the "Zoo," and the idea I am anxious to ventilate now, both in the interests of the public and of the Gardens, is that comprised in the remark that I don't think the educational advantages of the place are exploited or utilised at all as they might be. Let me explain what I mean. Thousands of visitors walk through the Gardens and come away from them with feelings of wonderment, but with no solid gain in the way of information. When I hear one fond father telling his children that the emu is a kind of turkey; another (a clerical person acting as cicerone to several schoolboys) alleging that kangaroos come from Africa; and a third explaining that a snake turns itself inside out once a year (probably for the spring cleaning), I am tempted, not so much to bewail the awful ignorance of natural history that prevails, but to lament that the Zoological Society does nothing to make its magnificent Gardens a real source of public instruction.

I am prepared for Dr. Sclater's remark that the Davis Lectures are given annually in the Gardens, and represent a means of natural history culture. This is true, but Davis Lectures are only occasional things; what I plead for is a



Photo Hughes and Mullins, Ryde, Isle of Wight.

H.R.H. PRINCE CAROL OF ROUMANIA.

of Roumania—it may be said with truth that he is encircled by the loving regard of a nation.

The son of Prince Ferdinand von Hohenzollern and his wife, Princess Marie of Edinburgh, little Prince Carol has also a distinct claim upon the sympathetic and affectionate regard of all English people; and he, too, through his charming and popular young mother, is a great-grandchild of our venerable Queen. Son of highly cultured parents and grandnephew of a poet-Queen, the accomplished "Carmen Sylva," Prince Carol, whose name alone is of the happiest omen, is a charming child, full of promise that one day he, too, may worthily occupy the throne to which his father is at present heir-presumptive. Prince Edward of York is rather more than two years old, having been born on June 23, 1894, while Prince Carol of Roumania is nearly three, his third birthday occurring on Thursday next, Oct. 15.



SPORTING SUBJECTS BY ARCHIBALD THORBURN: NO. IV.—“ON THE OUTLYING BEAT.”

LITERATURE.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has been taken very seriously in literature. She has been constantly regarded with awe and deference, as a controversial, theological novelist; with respect, not unmixed with a little *ennui* (from the cursory), as a political writer, but she has not often had justice done her in the more popular and humanly interesting character of the mere novelist, the teller of a story, the depicter of character, the strivings, and the fate of mere men and women. But if her readers will only put aside their fatal bias in favour of the didactic tendency of her work, they will see that the story unfolded in *Sir George Tressady* (Smith, Elder, and Co.) is possessed of a strong dramatic and literary interest. Sir George is no mere lay figure for the expression of the political sentiments of Mrs. Ward, he is a man and a gentleman, if no hero. His wife, Letty, though a minx, is decidedly human. Marcella Maxwell, the divine busybody of an earlier work, is human enough, too, in her logical weakness and magnetic power over the lives of those with whom she comes in contact. The tragedy of the story is preordained the moment George, whose pose it is to "take life lightly," and who thinks "there is plenty in it besides the affections," marries Letty, and makes her "promise not to be a political woman, there's a dear!" We realise Letty as a faulty woman, not a monster, and we anticipate her failure to keep her husband, who "falls in love with love, with grace, with tenderness, with delight" in the person of the all-pervading, all-enthralling Marcella Maxwell, who merely uses him as a tool to forward her adored husband's political schemes. We somehow sympathise with poor Letty. She can't help "not being a gentleman," as Betty Leven says, and when Sir George throws over his party, which is opposed to "the Maxwells' Bill," because "he comes to have a strong wish to give Lady Maxwell her desire," and tells his wife so, we can forgive her for resenting it. Then Marcella comes down from her heights, and soothes the inferior wife, and gives her husband back, to submit to what Mrs. Ward calls "compelling power of marriage; the almost mechanical way it bears down resistance, provided only that certain compunctions, certain scruples, still remain for it to work on." Mrs. Ward has to kill Sir George, in spite of this mighty influence of the sacrament—how could he live on with Letty? The whole tragedy is inevitable enough, and Mrs. Ward has made—we will not say the most of a very strong dramatic situation, but a very good thing of it indeed.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

In Mr. Standish O'Grady's *In the Wake of King James* (J. M. Dent), you rather see than merely read a succession of stirring scenes, and see them not with your own eyes but with those of an Homeric onlooker. The hero, a Williamite soldier, accepts a treacherous invitation from his Jacobite cousins, who impose upon his incredible simplicity, and, having robbed, half murdered him, and flung him in chains into a dungeon, cheer him with the assurance that he will be blown to pieces with the castle on the day that they sail for Spain. In looking critically back upon the story you wonder why the Satanic cousins are at the pains to play with him as a cat with a mouse when they could as well have resorted at first as at last to the simple stand-and-deliver summons of the highwayman. But of this you take no thought while you read, since "seeing is believing," and you really seem to see all that Mr. O'Grady describes. And this power of magical presentation seems to grow with the growing demands made upon it, as the plot, like the hell-broth of the witches, becomes thick and slab with horrors. The hero is rescued by the heroine—an Homeric goddess, as divine to the reader as to him—who herself, however, immediately after needs to be rescued by him from more appalling peril. This last rescue, where the hero with but half-a-dozen followers breaks by a secret passage into the castle, to find there the heroine's brother in chains and herself being stretched upon the rack, is described with a power that holds you breathless. And the last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history—the blowing up of this wolf's lair with all its hellish denizens and all the rappers that in rushing to their rescue fell into the volcano, is a superb piece of painting.

Alethea (two vols., Burns and Oates) is an historical-religious novel, and the very dreariest of all its dreary kind. Though it is written to expose the heresy of Photius and the *Filioque* secession of the Greek Church, the author does not seem to have read the works of his arch-heretic, or to have a conception of the brilliant literary genius of the man who wrote that masterpiece—the appeal to be permitted in exile the use of books. Fancy Photius defending his methods for the propagation of his heresy in the following ingenuous fashion! Upon one of the heretic's agents reporting that he had had a monk buried to the middle, and "left to grow or rot," the hero of the novel exclaims against the atrocity as Satanic. "In this particular case," observes Photius, "it seems, I admit, disagreeable; but not without good reason, I opine. It is not always that we gain adherents by severity; I often work by other methods. I have brought over a large number to my side by giving them lucre in return for a written promise that they would be of my communion as against that of the Pope. I have

also by almsgiving added crowds of needy persons to my Church." "But the money you gave was not your own." This pertinent and important objection Photius admits, but pleads that the end, being the severance by any means of the Eastern from the Western Church, justified the means. It is just possible that those who are so foolish as to believe Photius a fool will find "Alethea" edifying; interesting no one could find it.

The *Dictionary of National Biography* is within sight of completion, volume forty-eight bringing it down to Robins. The more notable people included in this volume are Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse; Ricardo, Richardson, and Croom Robertson, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; Robertson of Brighton, by Dr. Garnett; Robertson the historian; and T. W. Robertson, by Mr. Joseph Knight, the last being especially interesting at a time when "cup and saucer" comedy has fallen far enough in the rear to be regarded dispassionately.

Lloyd's Natural History: British Birds. By R. Bowdler Sharpe, LL.D., F.L.S. (Edward Lloyd, Limited.)—The literature of British birds is growing rapidly, and there can be scarcely any class of readers left to which publishers have not in turn appealed. Dr. Sharpe's work is a capital manual for the working naturalist, spiced with just sufficient interesting matter on bird-life and habits, from his own observations and those of other competent authorities, to make the book attractive to the general reader. The arrangement of the information given is

introduction to the order Passeres, and accounts of the missel-thrush, the song-thrush, and the redwing, by Dr. Butler, of the British Museum. The introduction is very scanty, and the account of the song-thrush unsatisfactory. No one could gather from it that the male bird takes part in incubation, or that there are usually two and sometimes three broods in the season. The part contains a coloured plate of birds' eggs, and figures in black and white of the birds mentioned above. They are good examples of Mr. Frohawk's work.

Pottery is the most ancient of the arts of life. Its absence is a note of the lowest savagery, since rudest of mankind is the tribe to which the device of smearing wooden vessels or hollow shells with clay to make them fireproof has not occurred. Ancient, too, is the potter's wheel: its inventor ranks among the unknown benefactors of the race. So the history of the art, in its development from rude earthen pots to enamelled and decorated ware, is a long one; and it is but a brief chapter that Dr. Fortnum, in the fullness of the single branch of the subject which he has made his own, embodies in his stately volume on *Maiolica: A Historical Treatise on the Glazed and Enamelled Earthenware of Italy*. (Clarendon Press.)—The manufacture of this ware flourished there notably during the later decades of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The critical and historical account which Dr. Fortnum supplies is preceded by references to the Oriental varieties whose sources are Persian, Damascene, Rhodian, and Hispano-Moresque. The book is based on the author's descriptive catalogue of Maiolica and kindred wares in the South Kensington Museum, and the illustrations which adorn it are those of originals, forming part of Dr. Fortnum's unique collection in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. An introductory chapter touches lightly on the relics of prehistoric pottery, the evolution of designs, and the improved methods of vitreous covering or glazing, which were of Oriental invention.

The "Warwick Library," which Messrs. Blackie have projected under the general editorship of Professor Herford, dealing, as it does, with the development in English literature of some special literary form, has distinctly more *raison d'être* than many modern reprints of our native classics. Pastors, masques, letter-writing, literary criticism are the subjects of separate volumes, and *English Essays* has just appeared with an introduction by Mr. J. H. Lobban. Traces of the editorial methods of the late Professor Minto, to whom he was assistant, are traceable in Mr. Lobban's preface, and he has elected to write an essay on the Essay, which is informing, critical, and judicious rather than enthusiastic, surveying this fascinating period of a century and a half—from the *Tatler* to Leigh Hunt—from the literary specialist's rather than the layman's standpoint. What he has done is carefully, clearly done. His specimens of the different essayists are wisely chosen, and his annotations are adequate. At a time when, like Richardson, people have no time to read all the *Spectators*, a selection like the present is welcome.

A LITERARY LETTER.

The *Academy* newspaper has at length changed hands. It has long been known that it was obtainable at a price; that price has apparently been paid. The *Academy* has had an interesting career hitherto. It has never been very popular, and certainly it has never had a very large circulation. It has lacked the actuality and the broad sympathy which must go to make a successful paper, whether literary or otherwise. It is true that there have been some signed articles by contributors of singular worth—the late Mark Pattison and the late Dean Church being not the least important names which have appeared at the bottom of its reviews. But even the literary amenities of Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Edward Clodd could not make reports of the Folk-Lore Society fascinating to the majority of readers, and the *Academy* never obtained anything like the position which is occupied by its elder rival, the *Athenaeum*.

The new editor of the *Academy*, who will take up his duties on Oct. 30, is Mr. Charles Lewes Hind. Mr. Hind is, perhaps, better known in the art than in the literary world. He was for many years the art critic of the *Globe*, and he was associated with the foundation of the beautiful little paper, the *Studio*. He was also the editor of the *Pall Mall Budget* until Mr. Astor summarily discontinued that journal. He has, moreover, contributed many pretty stories to the magazines of the day, and has sound journalistic instincts. There is no reason why he should not make the *Academy* a very great success, although I have my doubts whether that is possible at so high a price as threepence. But certainly the interest in literary gossip and what Mr. Freeman called "chatter about Harriet" makes the task fairly easy.

One of the leading American journals, the *New York Tribune*, devotes two columns to Mrs. Meynell's article advocating the slaughter of dogs in the interest of children. The *Tribune* invites correspondence on the subject, so that Mrs. Meynell's name will soon be as widely known on the other side of the Atlantic as it is in Great Britain.

Mr. Baring-Gould is nothing if not actual, and to his already enormous number of works he is to add, shortly, a "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." This volume will, of course, be published by Messrs. Methuen—a firm in which Mr. Baring-Gould is, I understand, a partner. C. K. S.



WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XV.—MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

Mrs. Humphry Ward, whose new novel, "*Sir George Tressady*," is reviewed in these columns, is a granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and a niece of Matth w Arnold. She was born in Hobart, Tasmania, where her father, Mr. Thomas Arnol, at one time held an educational appointment. As Miss Mary Augusta Arnold she wrote many articles for Dr. Smith's "Dictionary of Christian Biography," and also contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*. Some years after her marriage with Mr. T. Humphry Ward, formerly an Oxford Don and now a member of the staff of the *Times*, she published her first volume, "Milly and Olly," a children's story. This was followed by a novel, "Miss Bretherton," and a translation of Amiel's "Journal Intime." In 1888 the "high seriousness" of her "Robert Elsmere" aroused a very keen and widespread interest in Mrs. Ward's work, and her later novels, "David Grieve," "Marcella," and "Bessie Costrell" have since won an enormous vogue. Mrs. Ward was one of the founders of University Hall, and is secretary to the settlement.

excellent. There are short descriptions of families and genera; and in dealing with each species the plumage and range are described; then comes a paragraph on the habits; and the account ends with a description of the nest and eggs. So far the earnest student could have no better guide. But Dr. Sharpe is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of the "priority" rule in nomenclature; and it will be perplexing to many a bird-lover to find names to which he has been long accustomed changed for unfamiliar ones. The plates are those used in Jardine's "Naturalists' Library."

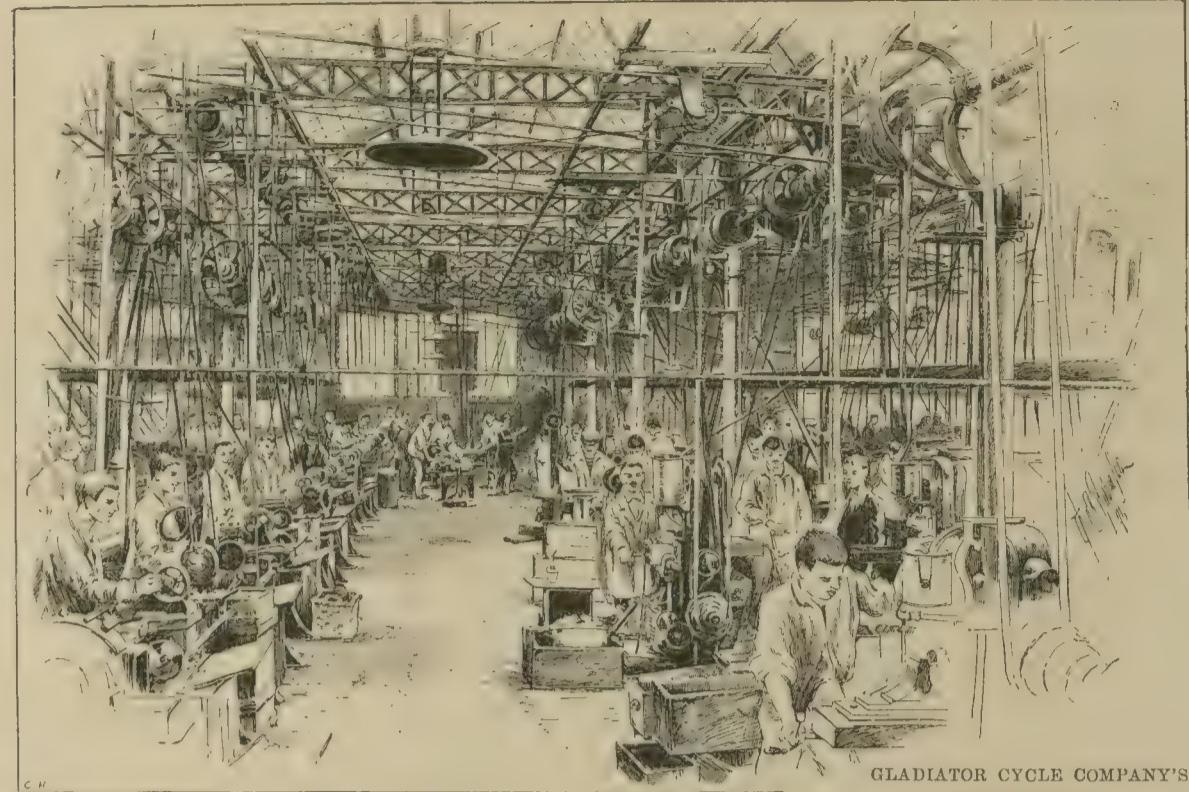
British Birds, their Nests and Eggs. By various well-known Authors. With Illustrations by F. Frohawk. (Horace Marshall and Son).—The claims advanced in the prospectus of "British Birds, their Nests and Eggs," are scarcely borne out by the part before us. Definitions are absent, and technical terms are used without explanation—grave defects in a book intended for popular use. An illustration would have rendered the meaning of "primaries," "secondaries," "axillaries," and the like clear to those taking up the subject for the first time; and many people would be glad to have the limits of the "Palearctic region" defined. The part contains an

A GREAT INTERNATIONAL CYCLE AMALGAMATION.

The amalgamation of the three leading houses in France is an important episode in the history of the cycle industry. Hitherto these firms have been the keenest possible competitors; and although all three have shown exceedingly brilliant results under individual and separate control, the consolidation which has now been brought about cannot fail to give largely increased profits to the shareholders *en masse*. With one board of directors (and that an unusually powerful one) and one administrative head, there will be a great saving of expense, which, coupled with the extraordinarily increasing business, will result in much higher dividends than were possible under less favourable circumstances. As the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company has now the virtual monopoly of that branch of the trade, so the cream of the cycle manufacture in France will be secured by the new Clément, Gladiator, and Humber (France) Company, Limited, with its £900,000 capital.

The three great cycle-making countries of the world are Great Britain, the United States, and France; and in each country the trade is continually increasing to an extent never approached by any other branch of commerce. Accurate statistics are difficult to obtain, and the wildest statements respecting the world's production are frequently published. What is certain, however, is that last year the capital thus employed in British cycle and kindred trades was nominally six millions sterling; this year the gross amount, corrected to Sept. 30, is £21,443,000, and new undertakings are announced as in preparation every other day. We are reported to have turned out yearly, in round numbers, from 750,000 to 800,000 machines, the total value of which we may put at from £11,000,000 to £12,000,000.

In recent articles we sketched the history of cycling in France, more particularly in reference to the introduction and manufacture of the pneumatic tyre. The articles referred to may be regarded as having cleared the way for a more general survey of the French cycle industry as a whole, represented in a great measure



GLADIATOR CYCLE COMPANY'S
MACHINE-SHOP.

cycle-producing organisation in the world should figure in the forefront of this new Anglo-French enterprise will alone cause it to be regarded with general and special

the side of Humber and Clément cycles. Wonderful, indeed, has been the rise of the Société Française des Cycles Gladiator. In 1891 this now famous mark was the property of MM. J. Aucoc and Darracq, the last named of whom is a familiar figure at all the race meetings. The renown obtained by the Gladiator Company is very largely due to the persistent efforts and great engineering and mechanical skill of M. Darracq, who has brought triplets, quadruplets, and quintuplets to the highest point of perfection. Hardly had the Gladiator Company completed two years of existence ere it was compelled to double the size of its works at Pré St. Gervais, and to increase its plant and the number of its hands in proportion, while at its manufactory at Nantes it was simultaneously producing the excellent "Phébus" machines.

Not even the Athenians were more eager than are the Parisians in their constant quest for "some new thing." They have now a surpassingly attractive toy in the electric tandem cycle, which was very successfully introduced at the last great race-meeting at the "Buffalo" vélodrome, while the ingenuity of inventors is being severely taxed in the endeavour to produce other novelties which shall have the effect of still further popularising the now universal sport.

When the full details of the working of the amalgamated companies are published, as they will be in a day or two, they will, we think, strike everybody as unusually complete, and particularly satisfactory from the investor's point of view. It will be found that the profits of two only of these great industrial organisations (Clément and the Gladiator) already amount to about £80,000 per annum, leaving out of the question the value of the goodwill, the manufactures, the perfect machinery and tools at the various "works," and the contracts already in hand and arranged for. Add to these figures the profits of the always progressing French Humber Company, and it will be seen that no trade enterprise which has been previously offered to the public has had a more thoroughly healthy complexion than the one now in course of review, which makes its appearance under the sole auspices of the most astute, far-seeing, and brilliantly successful financier of the century, Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley, whose conspicuous triumphs have deservedly earned for him the title of "the modern Midas."

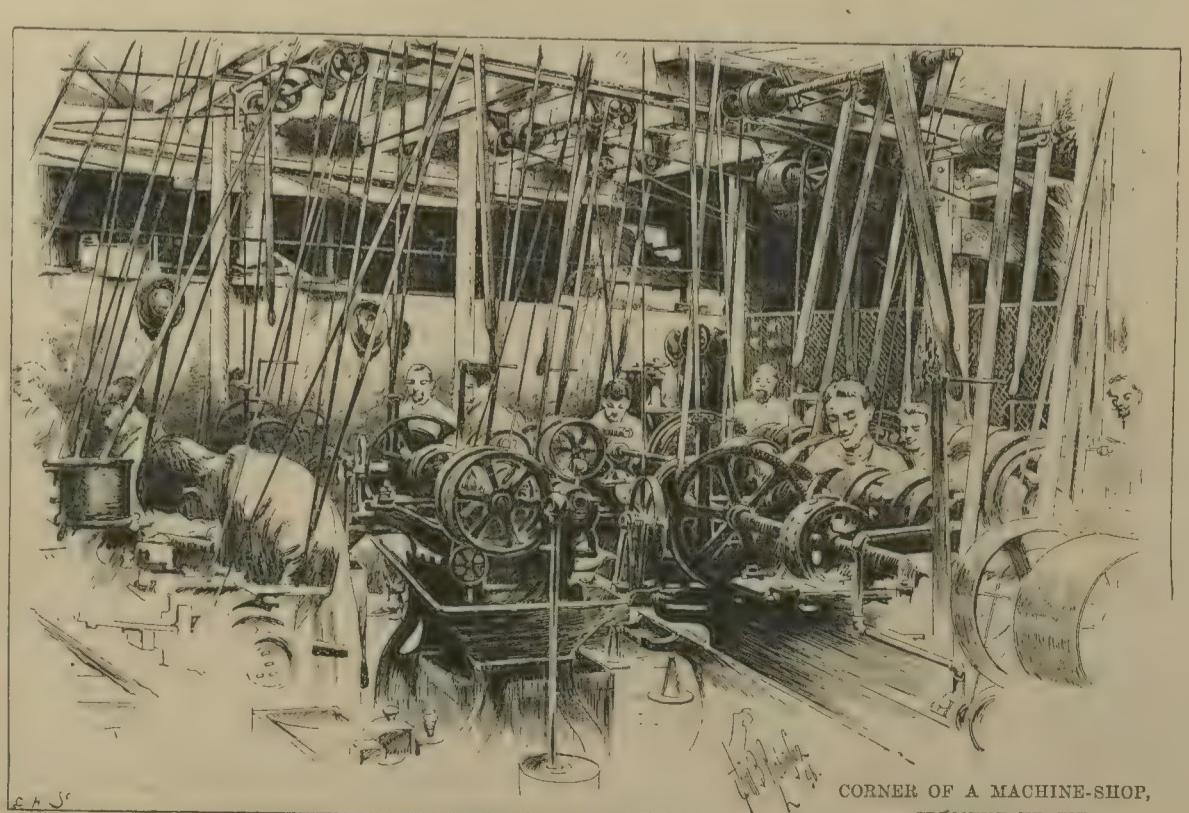


PACKING-ROOM, CLÉMENT ET CIE.

by the French business of Humber (France), the Gladiator Company, and the vast concern founded by the *doyen* of the French cycle industry, M. Clément, which have now been consolidated under the title of Clément, Gladiator, and Humber (France), and will in a few days be offered to the public of both countries with a capital verging on a million sterling.

Nobody viewing the large and perfectly equipped Paris manufactory in the Rue Brunel would imagine that it has grown to its present dimensions out of a few small workshops. Such, however, is the fact; and from that most modest of beginnings M. Clément has developed into the proud position of premier cycle-manufacturer in France, boasting, besides the great establishment above mentioned, the spacious factory at Tulle (in the Department of Corrèze), equipped in the same complete style as the well-known works only a stone's throw from the Avenue de la Grande Armée.

There would seem to be nothing lacking in this notable amalgamation scheme to insure its favourable reception in both countries. There is a magic about the mere name of Humber—an irresistible glamour; it spells success. It must be so, or the turn-over of this all-pervading cycle company for the year 1895 could not have reached the imposing total of 7,500,000 francs (£282,000). The story of the rise and progress of "Humber" would form one of the most fascinating chapters in the world's commercial history; and some day, perhaps, Mr. Martin D. Rucker will enable us to tell it. His exceptional skill, tact, and untiring energy have greatly tended to place "Humber" in the enviable position it has so long occupied, and the various Humber extensions have popularised these machines to an extent probably undreamt of half-a-dozen years ago. Ingenuity seems to have exhausted itself in the effort to make a Humber cycle a veritable "thing of beauty." The exquisite finish which has also been so noticeable a feature of the machines probably did more than anything else to attract the fair sex to this now universal pastime, while it has caused other makers to bestow extra care on the "getting up" of their cycles. The fact that the premier



CORNER OF A MACHINE-SHOP,
CLÉMENT ET CIE.



THE NEW STEP: A DRAWING-ROOM REHEARSAL.

From the Painting by E. Brewtnall.

THE LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

Coats are the only subject that interest me in the least to-day. I have been wandering all over the Metropolis in search of such which may be worthy; in truth the like is few and far between. It always takes Englishwomen two years to change their styles. I say this in no carping

favoured as chiffon? This is about the eighth consecutive season we have smiled on it.

I saw the other day an ideal opera-cloak made of chiffon lined with English satin. This was cut in an old-fashioned circular style, very long at the back, sloped short to the elbows in the front, and the chiffon was very thickly pleated, traced with gold sequins, and bordered with three rows of mink, fastened at the neck with an elaborate ruffle—and elegance lurked in its every fold. This same style of cape, long in the back and short in the front, have I seen carried out in cloth in a light drab shade. This was supplied with a tight-fitting waistcoat of white corduroy hemmed with cardinal velvet bordered with sable, and the collar at the neck, which turned up high round the throat, was lined with chinchilla.

It is quite the fashion to combine two or three different furs bearing no relationship to each other, and you may frequently meet a jacket of cloth lined with broad-tail with a sable collar. And talking of broad-tail reminds me of a charming little jacket I came across yesterday, entirely made of this fur, reaching only to the waist, hanging in a box-pleat from the neck and opening in the front to show a tight waistcoat of ermine fastened with small diamond buttons. This waistcoat was finished at the neck with a black satin cravat, and the broad-tail coat was faced with reseda green velvet, and completed with blouse sleeves entirely of velvet, while round the neck on either side of the ermine vest fell soft frills of lace. It was a most elaborate and expensive garment, and signally beautiful at that. As a means of utilising old sealskins the style is

worthy of consideration. The ermine waistcoat with the old lace gives the whole garment a luxurious air.

Jewels are exceedingly fashionable. Every woman hangs round her neck pearl chains and gold chains and jewelled chains, which serve, perhaps, little purpose except that we may hang upon them our desire for novelty and every emblem of good luck with which our friends see fit to supply us. Pearls are more worn than ever they were—the wealthy of this world wearing long loops of pearls pendant to the waist and caught on the bust with a jewelled ornament, the neck being encircled with two or three rows of pearls of smaller size, and long pearl chains interspersed with little pierced crystals are rather sought after, while pierced cabochon emeralds, flanked with a pearl on either side and joined together with gold chains and little pieces of red enamel, are amongst the idols of fashion. Pale blue enamel chains also interspersed with pearls are very much in evidence, and the chains of green and red enamel are ubiquitous, the plain pearl chains being, as a rule, relegated to evening wear.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

In the recollections of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, he draws a very interesting parallel and comparison between his royal sister-in-law and her predecessor Queen Elizabeth, which comes back to my mind this week by reason of the combination of the Queen's family gathering, so many grandchildren and baby great-grandchildren at Balmoral that the Castle has been uncomfortably overcrowded, and the appearance in the *Nineteenth Century* of an account, hitherto unpublished, taken from the archives of Würtemberg, of an attempt to induce Queen Elizabeth to marry. The late Duke of Saxe-Coburg observed that Victoria had many of the personal traits of Elizabeth—a strong will, an extensive knowledge of languages giving her access to all European culture, an attention to and love for the work of government, an impressive personality exercising its influence over all who came near enough to her, and a faithful remembrance of old servants and value for great men in the State. But, he added, the distinguishing mark between the two Queens is the "extraordinary family affection that exists in Queen Victoria, and the full and free abandonment of herself to the circle of her relatives, children, and grandchildren, the yearly increasing wish to care for them to the smallest particular—this is what makes the present Queen as far removed as possible from the lonely daughter of Henry VIII."

Probably Elizabeth, if she had seen her way to marry, would have been as good a wife and mother as our Queen, for it is a very interesting fact that the same characteristic was noted of each in her girlhood—a great love of little children. Elizabeth, a State prisoner in the Tower and a semi-prisoner at Hatfield, is recorded to have delighted in the company of children; and Greville tells us that our

Queen before her marriage was evidently most happy when with children, some of whom she usually contrived to have brought to see her every day. Thus both had the womanly heart. But, exceptionally happy in many things, our Queen has been above all fortunate in having been free to accept family relations, while Elizabeth, as this amusing document shows, had to spend all her wit in staving off the event that might have given her the like ties to her own and her nation's ruin. "Love is mostly bred," she declared, "of idleness; and the pressure of business has not allowed me time to think of love." The envoy represented marriage as "a desirable evil." "Think you it is desirable?" said the Queen laughing. To this the discreet envoy, who was, no doubt, as the marriage service says of St. Peter, "himself a married man," returned no direct answer.

In the same magazine there is a particularly absurd article on "Women in Assemblies," by a Mr. Oakley, who argues that as at the debating societies that he is in the habit of attending, the lads are not as rude in their criticisms of the ladies' ideas as they might be of each other's, therefore elderly men and ambitious young men engaged in the serious transaction of affairs on school boards, parish councils, and other public bodies, will be prevented by politeness from expressing their divergence of views and the reason for their difference from those of a lady. It is quite droll to see how mutually destructive arguments are put forth in good faith by men in opposition to the direct power of women in public affairs. We have heard over and over again that if any women share in such affairs men will cease to treat women in general with any courtesy— behold, here is a new objector who thinks that the politeness of the male sex is so ineradicable that men actually on public boards in company with women will not venture to say what they think, and know they ought to urge, about the public business for fear of offending a lady of opposite views! Mr. Oakley's notion of the virtue and moral courage of men in public life is like that of Hudibras—

What makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before
Prove false again? Two hundred more.

For two hundred pounds a year, read, in this writer's phrase—"He fears loss of favour; something disturbing of social pleasantnesses to come."

We women need not trouble ourselves much to contradict this assertion, for it is an insult not to us, but to the men who are thus declared to be inevitably intimidated or bribed by a smile or a frown. Only, as having had nine years of personal experience as a member of the London School Board, I may perhaps say that the whole theory (on both sides of the way) is purely imaginary. Men



A DRAB VICUNA DRESS.

spirit of criticism at my fair countrywomen; I admire them immensely, but no one can say that they are quick in making up their minds on modish matters. They first want a style to be worn in Paris for a year, and then they desire that it should be at least six months over here before they recognise it as a friend, and then another six months before they smile upon it enthusiastically; however, the sins of omission and commission of my fair British sisters are not the immediate object of my discourse. The short loose sack jacket occupies that position. This is the latest novelty from Paris, and as such I like it very much. It only reaches about four inches below the waist, it hangs straight and loose, and it is shaped at the side seams. Its best examples are found in drab cloth—there are only really three colours any Frenchwoman ever wears, drab, dark blue and black, and rather wise she is in her decision too, because these are the most useful as well as the most becoming. But of these sack coats I have seen at least twenty in London, and none of them are exactly French in detail, for they are not properly shaped under the arm, and they are much too long, hence they lack that becoming smartness which is their due. Drab cloth made in this style lined with sable, or last year's caracole jacket, may be cordially recommended to the slim woman. Height is not essential to the success of these jackets, but limited hips promote their good conduct.

Talking of hips reminds me that the figures of the Frenchwomen this year are perfectly wonderful. The newest French stays ensure a small waist, the hips are rather extensive and round, and the bust is "worn low," as a Frenchwoman remarked to me—an observation this which struck me as distinctly amusing. All the stays are cut low in the front, while the belts to our bodices, which are not the very broad corselet, measure but an inch and a half in width. Belts are very much favoured at the moment, and, of course, the bolero style of bodice, which is ubiquitous, conduces towards the popularity of the draped corselet. That is a pretty gown in that style sketched on this page, made in a drab vicuna: the coat is of velvet of a darker shade, the vest of white silk and braided with narrow cord interspersed with gold, and round the waist is worn a belt of black antique satin, while cream-coloured lace frills decorate the top of the collar, and the little buttons on the coat are of gold. The same style would look just as well without the loops over the sleeves—if its proposed wearer were short their omission would be an advantage. The other sketch again shows the bolero. This is of purple cloth trimmed with ribbon-velvets and edged with mink; the belt is of velvet fastened with diamonds, the velvet vest appearing with a lace jabot at the neck; and the sleeves being made of velvet almost tight. By the way, the quite tight sleeves are not being worn over in Paris; the fullness still continues over the top, excepting in the evening frocks. Several of these latter show tight sleeves of lace, the armholes being decorated with kilted frills of chiffon. Was ever fabric so



WALKING COSTUME OF PURPLE CLOTH.

speak against and vote against the lady members of public bodies when they differ on public matters just as readily as they speak to them with the ordinary courtesy and show them the customary small politenesses of gentlemen to ladies when they are all out of the harness of their public duties. Our debating society authority may be—I hope he is—right in saying that the presence of ladies diminishes violence of invective and personal rudeness in debate; but he is wrong in supposing that unrestrained language and the expression of personal contempt or hatred are needful adjuncts to effective discussion. A *Times* leader in its quiet sarcasm and finished logic is more thorough and more effective than the coarse bluster and personal abuse of the *Etanswill Gazette*. F. F. M.



WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, AND SCRUBBING FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES.

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CHESS.

FIDELITAS.—In reference to No. 2736, we have already pointed out that there is no solution either by the author's key or the one you propose, Black's move of Kt to K 2nd is the all-powerful defence. Problem shall be reported upon later.

M HAYFIELD.—For chess, the second edition of "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern," obtainable of T. Brown, 19, Bagby Street, Leeds, to whom also apply for book on draughts.

H D O'BERNARD.—Thanks; it shall receive our attention.

F H BAXTER (Southsea).—No solution can be published sooner than a fortnight after the problem appears.

W FAIRHANK (Oxford).—The first move of your problem is correct, but the solution is marred by duals. For instance: If Black play 1. K to B 4th, then 2. Kt to K 7th (ch) or Q to B 8th (ch), etc.

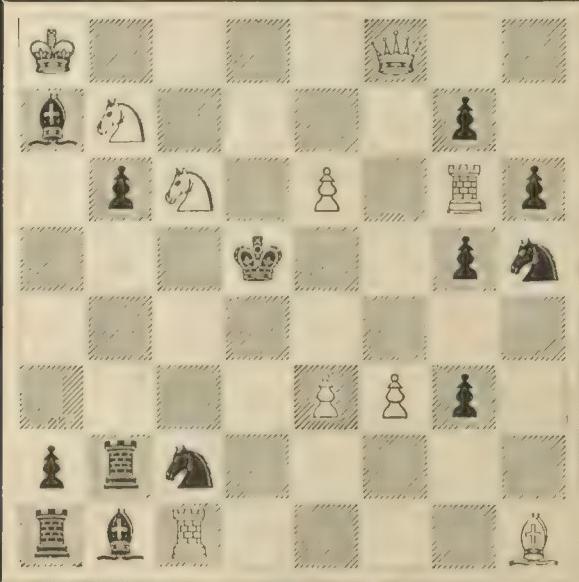
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2732 RECEIVED FROM C A M (Penang); OF NO. 2735 FROM J W SHAW (Montreal); OF NO. 2737 FROM EMILE FRAU (Lyons); C E M (Ayr), A G FILBY (Bromley), H ROLSTON (Dublin), J LAKE RAJPH, R ARFWEDSON (Sweden), AND EDWARD J SHARPE; OF NO. 2738 FROM CAPTAIN J A CHALLICE (Great Yarmouth), EDWARD J SHARPE, EMILE FRAU (Lyons), CASTLE LEA, EUGENE HENRY (Leamington), W LILLIE (Manchester), OLIVER ICINGLA, C E M (Ayr), AND J LAKE RAJPH.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2739 RECEIVED FROM T ROBERTS, W R RAILLEM, HEREWOLD, FRANK TROTTER, EDWARD J SHARPE, EMILE FRAU (Lyons), J LAKE RAJPH, EUGENE HENRY, F ANDERSON, ALPHA, J BAILEY (Newark), G J VEAL, J HALL, M BIELLOFF, S DAVIS (Leicester), T CHOWN, SORRENTO, G D GILLIESPIE, MRS. KELLY (of Kelly), F JAMES (Wolverhampton), T R McCULLAGH (Lisburn), AGUR, W D'A BARNARD (Uppingham), M BURKE, TWYMAN (Bournemouth), J F MOON, E P VULLIAMY, JULIA SHORT, F W C (Edgbaston), F A CARTER (Maldon), JOHN M S MOORAT (Dedham), FRANK R PICKERING, BLUET, F N BRAUND (Farnham), R H BROOKS, DR F ST FRATER, M A EYRE (Dedham), SHADFORTH, W H WILLIAMS (Belfast), E B FOORD (Cheltenham), TANDERAGE, R WORTERS (Canterbury), H LE JEUNE, T C D (Ellesmere), CHARLES HOSSEIER (Nantwich), C E PERUGINI, G T HUGHES, MISS TOPSY WYCHE, T V SEMIK (Prague), J COND, F WALLER (Luton), F H BAXTER (Southsea), J S WESLEY (Exeter), AND T G (Ware).

PROBLEM NO. 2741.

By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2738.—BY CHEVALIER DESANGES.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to K 3rd	K takes Kt
2. B to Kt 2nd (ch)	P to B 6th
3. Q takes P, Mate	

If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to B 8th (ch), and if 1. any other; 2. Q to K 6th (ch), K takes Q; 3. B takes P, mate.

CHESS IN CLIFTON.

Game played in the Amateurs' Tournament between Messrs. N. FEEDEN and H. JACOBS.

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P takes P	Kt to K 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	

The authorities recommend 3. P to Q 4th; Kt takes P, etc. 3. P to Q 4th is inferior, but 3. B to Kt 6th (ch) has good points.

3.	Kt takes P
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd
5. B to B 4th	Q to Kt 2nd
6. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd
7. Castles	Castles
8. Kt to K 4th	Kt to Kt 3rd
9. B to K 2nd	Kt to Q 4th
10. P to B 3rd	P to K B 4th
11. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Q 2nd
12. B to Q 3rd	K to R sq
13. R to K sq	P to Kt 4th

White has free and open game, and retains both his Bishops. Hence the opening up of the position is not to be recommended.

14. P to Q R 3rd	P to K Kt 5th
15. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt
16. R takes Kt	B to Q 3rd
17. R to K sq	Q to R 5th
18. P to Q B 4th	Kt to B 5th
19. B takes Kt	B takes B
20. Kt to B sq	R to B 3rd
21. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th
22. B to B 2nd	R to B 2nd

Threatening B takes P (ch), followed by R to R 3rd, winning.

If at once P takes B, B to Q B 3rd would be disagreeable and not easily met.

22. B to Q 3rd

23. Q to Q 3rd

24. R to K 3rd

This greatly strengthens White's game, preventing P to B 8th, etc.

25. Q to Q Kt 3rd

26. Q takes Q Kt P

Everything seems to turn upon this move. To retreat the Rook would give the attack over to Black. By the text move White must gain an equivalent for the exchange, and gets rid of Black's Bishop.

27. P takes B

28. B to R 4th

Highly disagreeable for Black, and practically conclusive as well as unlock'd for the rest is simple enough. A game of much interest.

29. Q takes B (ch)

30. Q takes P (ch)

31. R to Q B sq

32. P to Q Kt 4th

33. P to Q Kt 5th

34. K P takes P

35. Kt takes P

36. R to K B sq

37. R to B 2nd

38. P to Q B 4th

39. P to K B 4th

40. Q takes P

41. Q to Kt 6th

42. R to Q 2nd

43. P to B 6th

44. P to R 5th

45. Q to Kt 8th

46. Q to Kt 8th (ch)

47. Q to R 8th (ch)

48. R to B 2nd

49. K to Kt 2nd

50. Q to B 8th (ch)

Resigns

The Budapest Tournament commenced on Oct. 5 with a very good list of entries, the notable absentees being Messrs. Lasker, Steinitz, and Pillsbury. The latter is out of health, the former are preparing for their return match for the championship, which takes place early next month. Attention will now be fixed on the performance of Herr Maroczy, as it is in his direction people are looking for a possible rival to Mr. Lasker.

The Pope, in a letter to Cardinal Vaughan, has invited the Roman Catholics of England to raise some sort of a maintenance fund for Anglican clergymen who secede to the Roman Catholic Church. Such an endowment is very necessary, no doubt, in the case of men who feel constrained by conscience to abandon the careers for which they have been trained, and who are, as a rule, utterly unfitted by training and temperament to succeed in any other. But the perils are as obvious as the advantages; and a money inducement might tempt men bankrupt in purse and in character to escape embarrassment of various kinds by a change of creed. This is just what it is the interest of nobody to bring about.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1889), with two codicils (dated Jan. 20 and March 7, 1892), of Mr. John Wood, of Westfield, Singlewell, near Gravesend, Kent, who died on July 2, was proved on Sept. 12 by Henry Exley Edwards, the son-in-law, and William Russell, J.P., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £77,392. The testator devises the advowson and perpetual right of presentation to the living of Easton Grey, Wilts, to his daughter, Mrs. Emily Reed, but such devise is to be taken as of the value of £3000, and brought into account on the distribution of his residuary estate. Subject to an annuity of £52 to his brother, William Wood, he leaves the residue of his real and personal estate equally between all his children and the children of his deceased son Harry.

The will (dated May 23), with a codicil (dated May 24, 1894), of Mr. Francis Lucas, J.P., of Hitchin, Herts, banker, who died on June 29, has been proved by William Tindall Lucas, the son, Henry Fielder Johnson, and Frederick Ashfield Wright, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £71,905. The testator gives £100 and £8000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Priscilla Jane Johnson; one six-per-cent. £10 share in the Great Eastern Railway, and £8000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Ann Wright; two such shares, £8000, and if unmarried at the time of his decease, such of his household furniture and effects as she may choose, to his daughter Marianna Lucas; the remainder of his household furniture between all his children; £200 each to Frederick Ashfield Wright and Henry Fielder Johnson; legacies to servants, and specific gifts to his children and relatives. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his son William Tindall Lucas, absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1895) of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Cook, of 3, Upper Wimpole Street, Portland Place, who died on Aug. 2, was proved on Sept. 23 by Mrs. Mary Jane Cook, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £50,353. The testator gives £100 to his secretary, Robert Atkins, if in his employ at the time of his death, and subject thereto he leaves all his real and the residue of his personal estate to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1893), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1895), of Mr. John Josias Arthur Boase, of 13, Granville Park, Lewisham, who died on Sept. 9, was proved on Sept. 26 by George Clement Boase, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £29,233. The testator bequeaths £5000 each to his sons, Charles William Boase, Edward Ley Boase, and George Clement Boase; £3000 to his son Frederick Boase; £2500, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Charlotte Ann Tweedy; and £3000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Julia Thompson. The residue of his property he leaves equally between his six children.

The will (dated March 5, 1889), with two codicils (dated April 18, 1890, and Feb. 26, 1896), of Mr. Edmund Lephard, of the Manor Farm, Heene, Worthing, Sussex, who died on July 10, was proved on Sept. 11 by Edwin Lephard, the son, Henry Humphrey Gardner, and Merville

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Green, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,592. The testator gives £20,000, upon trust, for his grandchildren, the children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Smith; £50, his household furniture and domestic effects, and an annuity of £100 to his wife, and such a sum, not exceeding £52 10s. per annum, to pay the rent of any house she may reside in during her life. He states that he has made no further provision for her, she having independent means. Should his personal estate not be sufficient to pay the above legacies and annuity, the balance is to be made up from his real property. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son Edwin Lephard.

The will, with two codicils, of Mr. Joseph Henry Wilson, J.P., of Marchmont, Addington Road, Reading, for many years chairman of the Henley and Caversham Berches of Magistrates, who died on May 25, was proved on Sept. 15 by Alexander Clark Forbes and Harold Jennings White, the executors, the gross value of the personal estate being £10,066.

The Irish probate of the will (dated May 12, 1896) of Mr. Townley Brabazon Balfour Ball, of 3, Marius Crescent, Clontarf, Dublin, who died on May 15, granted to William Wynne Carruthers and Dr. William John Gibson, the executors, was resealed in London on Sept. 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £10,653. The testator bequeaths £4000, upon trust,

for Miss Ward, for life, and then to his nephews and nieces, Mary Jane Ball, George Joseph Ball, Edward John Ball, and Anna Ball, share and share alike; £1000 to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Ball; £500 to Alice Ward; £800 each to his nephews George Joseph Ball and Edward John Ball, and to his niece Anna Ball; and £100 each to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves to his niece Mary Jane Ball.

The will and codicil of Colonel George Hope Lloyd-Vernay, of Clockfaen, Montgomery, who died on June 14, were proved on Sept. 25 by Mrs. Harriet Julia Morforwyn Lloyd-Vernay, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £8797.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Frederick Brooksbank Garnett, C.B., of 4, Argyll Road, Kensington, who died on Aug. 22, intestate, a widower, were granted on Sept. 19 to Frederick William Rowland Garnett and Ernest Arthur Garnett, the sons, and two of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate being £5320.

The will of Captain Sir Thomas Cuppage Bruce, R.N.R., of 100, Maison Dieu Road, Dover, for many years superintendent of the Dover Packet Service, who died on Aug. 23 was proved on Sept. 26 by Miss Margaret Alice Bruce, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £1226.

ART NOTES.

The fifth exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society—of which the opening coincides with the death of its chief promoter—shows more distinctly than ever the indefinite aims of the Committee of Management. The outside public is left without help to ascertain where, in the opinion of expert authorities, a "craft" ends and an "art" begins. In one sense the whole of the exhibits might be fairly classed as artistic, for what is most favoured in every craft is the "art" of design. It would be an exaggeration to say that the designs for the most part are other than imitative; but the answer to this objection may be that for the present all the efforts of artist-craftsmen and their teachers are tentative, and that years of apprenticeship must be passed before the master-workman is fully equipped.

The chief drawback to the exhibition as it is arranged is that no method or selection seems to have found favour with the committee. The consequence is that cartoons for stained glass, inlaid woodwork, hand-made needlework, hammered metal, and delicate enamel-work are mixed up with pencil drawings by Sir E. Burne-Jones, lace embroideries from Ireland and England, specimens of printing from the Kelmscott Press, and rare bindings of second-rate books. An attempt to make anything like a selection from the chaotic mass of beautiful objects would probably end in failure, but it is quite possible

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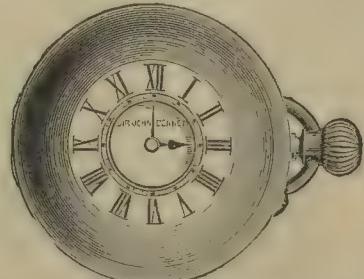
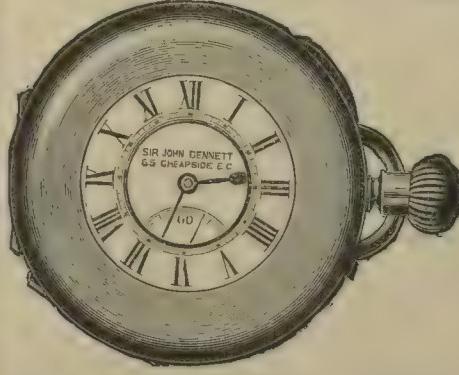
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that for the purposes of education the collection will have special value for those who have specific objects in view. The names of the artists and craftsmen employed are now given in conjunction with those of the exhibitor, but it will be necessary to go a step further if the craftsman is to be given the same personal interest in his work as the artist is supposed to show when he signs it with his own name. From the days of the potters of the time of Pericles down to the wood-carvers of the Renaissance, and even to the decorators of Sèvres porcelain, the workman was accustomed to place his own name or mark on each piece which gave him satisfaction, and some such privilege should be given by our manufacturers to workmen who achieve distinction in their craft. As far as we can judge, the Birmingham Guild of Handicraft occupies the first place among the bodies anxious to apply with intelligence art to industry, although there is sometimes a note of affectation in their hammered metal work. The Liverpool and Birmingham Schools of Art are almost the only representatives of municipal interest in the art training of their townsfolk. In conclusion, we should say that while the present exhibition is more free than its predecessors from amateurish work, it is difficult to deduce from it any strong indications of the direction in which the arts and handicrafts of the day are being developed.

Perhaps the most generally interesting feature of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition is the Loan Collection of the works of Ford Madox Brown, whose name stands more

prominently connected with municipal art than any of his contemporaries. Manchester and Birmingham both did themselves honour in recognising the talents of the artist who had thrown himself cordially into the movement for raising the aesthetics of industry. His career had been as varied as it was exciting. He had studied under the Belgian Romanticists, and received instruction from the French Classicists. He came back to England in 1846, a devoted follower of Holbein; and strove to attract notice by the treatment of episodes of English history. He associated himself with the early Pre-Raphaelites, although never officially received into the Brotherhood, but his pictures here shown are evidence of his sympathy with their aims. A period of absolute realism followed, which somewhat damaged his reputation among the general public, although the sincerity of his work was admitted by all. In 1863 he became associated with the firm known as William Morris and Co., and his art then took the direction of pure aestheticism, and has made its mark in all the "art fabrics" of the past five and twenty years, and done more to give a character to modern English industry than any other influence.

The small collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. A. J. Mavrogordato at the Fine Art Society's Gallery will be interesting to those who care to see how Moscow looked during the Czar's coronation. These water-colour studies, often very slight, bear the appearance of having been dashed off on the spot, and with no regard to subsequent

use for purposes of illustration. The artist has not only a keen sense of colour, in which he could revel during the Moscow fêtes, but he has also a clever knack of conveying the idea of crowds without overloading his pictures with figures. The wall of the Chinese city, the Red Square, the Iberian chapel, and the ill-fated Hodynskoe plain, are attractive subjects, to which Mr. Mavrogordato has done justice. To many people the area occupied by the Kremlin and its relation towards the rest of the city of Moscow are unknown quantities, and these brilliant little sketches cannot fail to convey more correct notions to those interested in the meeting-place of Eastern and Western civilisation.

It is now upwards of forty years since the Royal Photographic Society was founded, and its services to photography both as an art and as a science have been gratefully recognised by the numerous body of amateurs and professionals. The developments of which photography has proved to be susceptible would have waited long for recognition had not the Society readily extended its aid and encouragement to numerous inventors. The results of this enlightened patronage of the art are to be seen in the present exhibition held in the rooms of the Royal Water Colour Society (Fitzroy Mall East). In the Photographic Salon it was the landscapes which claimed attention; at the Photographic Society the figure-subjects are the most prominent. Mr. W. Cadby's nude studies are distinctly valuable; and however much we may deplore the invasion of the painter's

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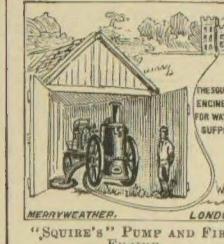
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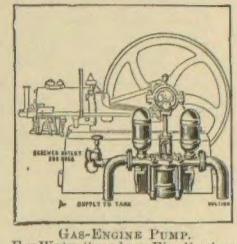


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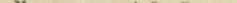
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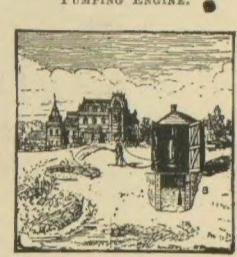
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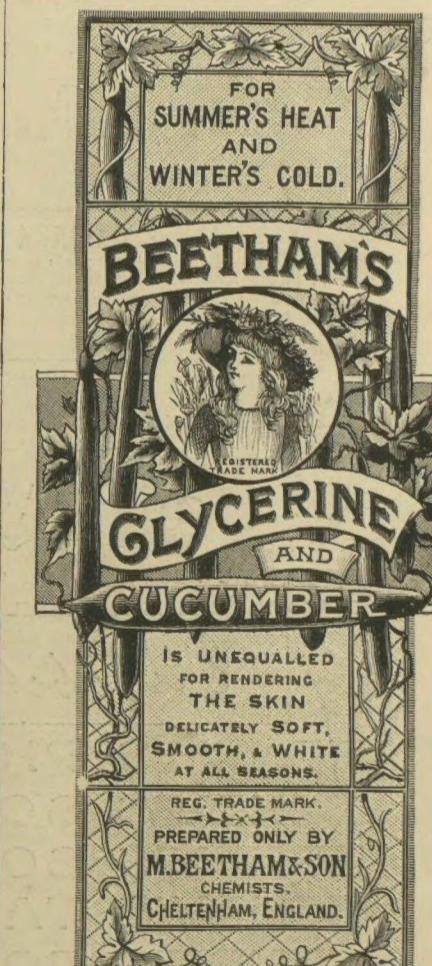
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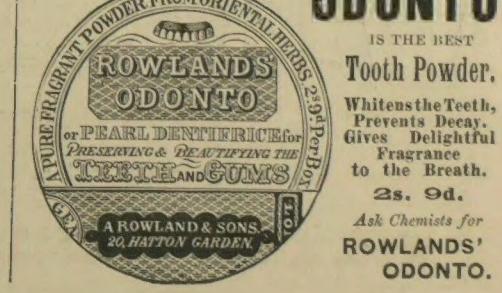
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studio by the photographer's camera, we must be prepared to face the inevitable, and to recognise the former's right to resort to any methods for obtaining his aims. From the judge's point of view, Mr. Philipp von Schoeller's study (38) of a girl's head on Artigue paper is deserving of the Society's medal, for it certainly shows to what extent texture of drapery can be rendered. Mr. Warneke's carbon portrait of a veiled lady (37) is decidedly clever and original; while Mr. Cadby in "The Slide" (143) has happily caught the sense of movement. As a rule, however, the interest in the portraits lies in the conflict between the two schools of nature and art—in other

words, between the prints from untouched and those from worked-up negatives. We are glad to see that for men's portraits, at least, the former are coming more into favour, and in this reform Mr. F. Hollyer has been one of the chief pioneers. In the landscape work in the present exhibition great care seems to be bestowed upon the proper rendering of the various "values" presented by objects.

If there is any hope, and we admit that there is much, to see wood-carving re-established in this country as an art, it will be mainly due to the School of Art Wood-Carving at South Kensington. Miss Rowe, during the few

years of her management of the school, has succeeded in giving to the students a keen insight into the methods and aims of the great wood-carvers of the past. In a former series Miss Rowe gave various reproductions of works in our national museums which might serve as guides, not as models, to students. She has now issued the first series of "French Wood-Carvings" from the national museums (B. T. Batsford, High Holborn, London). This portfolio of eighteen plates, printed in colotype, deals exclusively with the wood-carving of the late fifteenth to early sixteenth centuries; in other words, with the close of the Gothic period and the dawn of the Renaissance.

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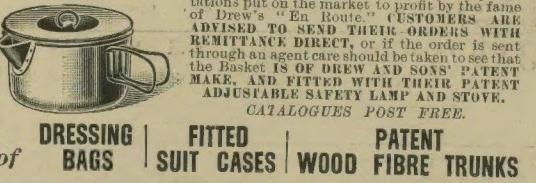
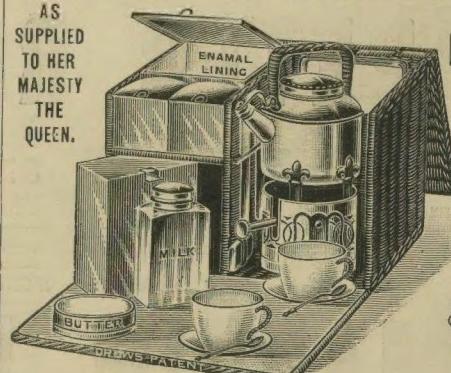
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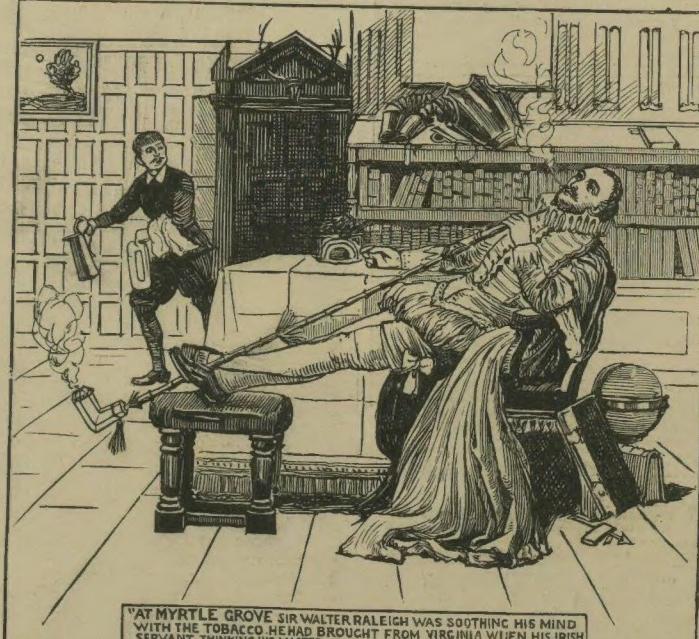
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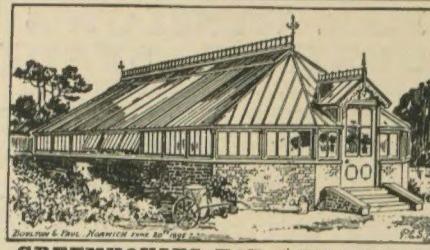
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By Capt. Fred. Burnaby, R.H.G.

"Two pairs of boots lined with fur were also taken; and for physic—with which it is as well to be supplied when travelling in out-of-the-way places—some Quinine and Cockle's Pills, the latter a most invaluable medicine, and one which I have used on the natives of Central Africa with the greatest possible success. In fact, the marvellous effects produced upon the mind and body of an Arab Sheik, who was impervious to all native medicines when I administered to him five

COCKLE'S PILLS.

will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

